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APRIL 14, 1936 15c

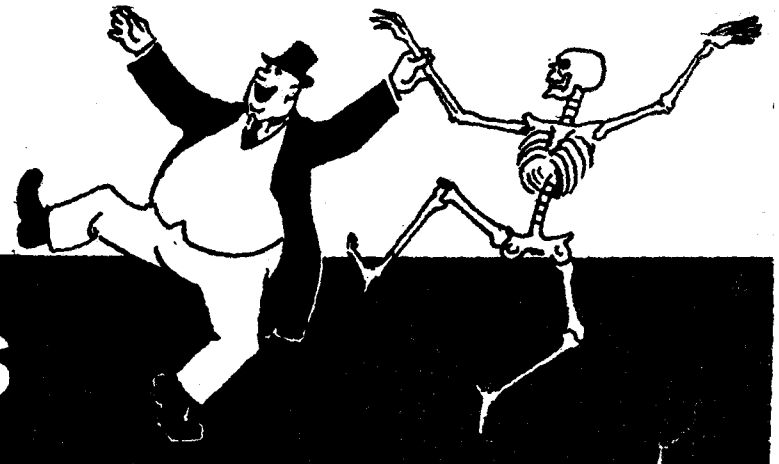
New Masses

Republican Rough-Rider Knox

By HY KRAVIF

Jesuits Back Fascism

By BRUCE MINTON



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New Masses

April 14, 1936

Scottsboro United Defense

WHILE friends of the nine Scottsboro boys, the Negro people and all foes of reaction were utilizing the Scottsboro anniversary (March 25, 1936) to build anew the defense, the Alabama authorities were busy whipping up the fiercest wave of lynch hysteria since the original frame-up on the charge of rape. On March 30, four more innocent young Negroes barely escaped lynching after being falsely charged with the rape and murder of Vivian Woodward, an eighteen-year-old white girl in Huntsville, Alabama. One of the defendants, Eugene Hambrick, was found with a wire already around his neck at the time of his arrest.

The collapse of the trumped-up story against these four has been a signal for the Huntsville officials to implicate Louis Robinson, another innocent Negro, and to scour the countryside for a "Walter Miller," a "giant Negro," who "must have done the rape."

Almost simultaneously, the Scottsboro Defense Committee which is exclusively conducting the defense of the boys, announced that the trial of Clarence Norris and the other boys scheduled for April 17, has been postponed until the July term of the Morgan County (Decatur) Alabama Circuit Court. All of which means that Judge "Speed" Callahan and special prosecutor Tom Knight—acting for the Alabama landlord class—will use the interval to sharpen and refurbish their murderous plans against the boys. The events in Huntsville give another pretext for a wave of fascist terror directed against the Scottsboro defendants and the Negro people.

Nor is the postponement of the Scottsboro trials a "breathing spell" for the defense. The National Negro Congress intends immediately to translate into action its splendid program against fascist reaction. Past Scottsboro victories must be completed.

Gardner Rea

"I am pleased to report, gentlemen, that the profits for the last month have been $7,800,000—including, of course, the government fine."

Educators' Censorship

AT THE March convention of the National Education Association in St. Louis, leading American educators pledged themselves to fight fascism and to promote academic freedom. This freedom obligates teachers "to present all available facts in controversial issues."

Immediately after the convention the official organ of the N.E.A. violated this principle. It refused advertisements of travels to the Soviet Union offered to The Journal by Edutravel and the Open Road. To these travel bureaus, H. A. Allen, business manager of The Journal, explained:

> Advertising relating to Russia carried last Spring in The Journal caused controversy, we have refused three orders for advertising promoting travel to Russia. . . . You will understand that this does not imply attitude on the part of the Association or its officers or of myself personally with reference to travel in Russia, but that my refusal is based solely upon my desire to be consistent.

Mr. Allen, however, saw fit to accept copy advertising tours to the 1936 Olympics in Nazi Germany. To L. D. Wertheimer Co., advertising agents, he wrote:

> Let me assure you that we shall be very happy to receive your order for your

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client, Edutravel, in the interests of the study tour in Germany. . . . We very much appreciate this order. . . .

Edutravel and the Open Road brought these facts to the attention of THE NEW MASSES. We wrote at once to Charles A. Beard, George S. Counts, George A. Davis, Willard Givens and other educators. We called their attention to this censorship and arbitrary discrimination, saying that THE NEW MASSES "intends to carry an article attacking this refusal to accept advertising of tours to a socialist country while at the same time accepting advertising of Nazi Germany which has suppressed all forms of freedom of speech and culture."

Clyde R. Miller of Teachers' College on receiving THE NEW MASSES letter promptly wrote to the executive secretary of the N.E.A. protesting the unwarranted discrimination. And Charles A. Beard, prominent historian and educator, responded to the letter as follows:

> I should say that The Journal of the N.E.A., in my opinion, makes an unfair and un-American discrimination if it rejects the advertisements of Soviet educational-travel agencies, and prints those of Nazi Germany. I do not see on what grounds such discrimination can rest. The government of the United States has official relations with Russia. It is not unlawful to visit Russia and study there. If the N.E.A. Journal proposes to bar the study of Russian institutions, then it should take down the sign of "Science" and put up the sign of "Propaganda."

The Secretary-Treasurer of the American Federation of Teachers, George Davis, replied:

> Since The Journal reaches a great many teachers throughout the country, I should think that since the N.E.A. considers itself a professional organization with a public duty implied by that term that it could not in fairness make any discrimination between travel bureaus. . . . Action like this by supposedly enlightened groups makes it all the more difficult for those of us who believe in democracy.

The executive secretary of the N.E.A. wrote us finally that the business manager of The Journal had been instructed hereafter to accept all advertising for educational travel. The advertising agency for Edutravel and the Open Road was notified that henceforth The Journal will print advertisements of educational tours to the Soviet Union.

The Sinclair Lewis Film

A NATIONWIDE movement to impel production of the film based on *It Can't Happen Here* has been started by the Legion of Freedom. This organization is now distributing a consumer strike pledge on printed postcards addressed to Louis B. Mayer, No. 1 man at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Those who sign the pledge undertake to boycott M-G-M movies until Sinclair Lewis' novel is filmed and released without violating the anti-fascist spirit of the book. The movement is endorsed by the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union, The New Republic, THE NEW MASSES, Byrl Whitney of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Trainmen, the Film and Photo League, William C. Dodd, Jr., Margaret Lamont, Robert Forsythe and others.

May Day, 1936

THIS coming May Day in America promises to be one of the most memorable since the death of the Haymarket martyrs. Labor unions, Socialists and Communists are preparing for united front demonstrations in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Boston. Every other major city and industrial town has committees working to the same end.

United action of Socialists and Communists is the first step to a broad People's Front. In Chicago, the Old Guard Socialists have tried to sabotage such May Day unity, but have failed. All signs indicate that over 100,000 workers will participate this year in Chicago's biggest May Day demonstration.

New York, which in the past few years has seen May Days of an unparalleled militancy and size, will outdo itself. At a recent conference of the Provisional May Day Committee 1,010 delegates were present, each representing a large organization. There were delegates from 73 A. F. of L. unions, 15 independent unions, 15 white-collar guilds and project workers. Norman Thomas was elected chairman of this committee. C. Z. Zimmerman, of the International Ladies Garment Workers is the vice-chairman and Louis Weinstock, leader of the housepainters, is secretary-treasurer.

A delegate from a German society pledged that 10,000 German-American workers would march to show their hatred for Hitler. The bankers and bosses and their office-boys, the city officials, will see a shocking sight as they look down from their skyscraper forts. They will see almost a million New Yorkers parading and cheering for a better world.

Cable from France

THIS week, Raoul Damiens cables us from Paris:

All of the fascist groups in France and particularly the Croix de Feu, have been profiting from the international muddle created by Hitler's Rhineland invasion. That the Croix de Feu is an agent of Hitler has been suspected for some time because of its constant aping of Nazi tactics and propaganda. But so far the documentary proof of the connection has been unavailable. Last week, however, The Right to Live, organ of the International League Against Anti-Semitism, published a facsimile of one of La-Roque's posters devoted to the task of spreading hatred of the Jews in Algeria. Now Lumière, weekly journal of the People's Front, publishes the clear proof that the text of the poster has been translated word for word from the German, with one single exception: instead of addressing "Fellow Germans" it reads: "Fellow French men."

In view of the crystallizing dangers of both the internal and foreign situation, the Communist Party of France on Saturday invited the Socialists to join them in a program of common action for the defense of peace. The Communist letter emphasizes:

> We think, moreover, in view of the recrudescence of Fascist League activity, that our two parties should take the initiative in a common action in the defense of liberty within France, thus bringing other People's Front parties and groups into the common cause and for the purpose of securing the dissolution of factions in accordance with the law.

Meanwhile more and more of the Socialist locals are cooperating with Communists without awaiting their official party decision. Yesterday the vast Communist Party anti-war demonstration in Paris brought out thousands of Socialists. Similarly all of the parties in the People's Front joined the Communists in commemoration of the Verdun battle. The proceedings were addressed not only by the Communist leaders Thorez and Vaillant-Couturier but by Colonel Raynal, hero of the Fort de Vaux battle, who is now active in the anti-war movement.

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Provocation in Spain

TWO months have passed since the victory of the People's Bloc in the Spanish elections. During this time the possessing classes, fascists and Papists, have engaged in a desperate drive to provoke chaos and disorder. For this purpose, they have employed economic sabotage and political assassination. Employers have deliberately shut down their enterprises in response to the government's demands that they reinstate revolutionary workers. Landowners have set fire to their own estates and told laborers to "ask the People's Front" for employment. Sons of the parasitic rich have been provided with stores of arms, used in attempts to shoot down working-class leaders and provoke armed clashes with trade-unionists. And as the reaction continues to lose ground, the specter of a fascist-monarchist armed coup becomes even more defined.

In provoking disorder, the reactionaries mean to place the blame on the workers and peasants, thereby forcing the Azana government to take repressive measures against Socialists and Communists. In this way they hope to disrupt the People's Front. Such a rift in the People's Front, while its program of anti-fascist measures is still unfulfilled and the working-class parties remain in the minority, would provide an opening for the reaction to return. But the revolutionary proletariat has withstood these provocations from the Right with remarkable discipline and its restraint has been combined with unfailing vigilance over the Azana government. Through independent action, the masses of producers in the cities and countryside are pressing forward for bread and land. Azana is thus being impelled to carry out the program of the People's Bloc and curb the provocative moves of the reaction. In Badajoz and Andalusia many thousands of peasant families have expropriated lands of the feudal seignory. In Madrid, a workers' council took over street-car service after fascist owners of the Compania Madrilena de Urbanizacion had abandoned operation.

However, the recent postponement of the municipal elections, favorable momentarily to the Right, is a sign that the force of counterrevolution is not yet spent. And it is to be expected that the coming weeks will witness efforts finally to dislodge fascism, even mightier than those registered thus far.

Consumers Union

CONSUMERS RESEARCH, Inc., headed by F. J. Schlink, Mrs. Schlink and J. B. Matthews, has so far refused to reinstate its former striking employes or to bargain with them collectively. In taking this reactionary stand, the organization has turned a deaf ear to the recommendations of the National Labor Relations Board.

In asking for a dismissal of the Labor Board's complaint in the case of the striking employes, Shelton Pitney, attorney for Consumers Research, argued that the case did not come within the jurisdiction of the Labor Board at all. The strikers, said Mr. Pitney, are not laborers, but white-collar workers. The idea is that white-collar workers are not entitled to their rights to organize in a union, to strike for better wages and conditions.

The corruption of Consumers Research has led many of its former supporters to withdraw. A new consumers' organization has been formed to be known as the Consumers Union of the United States. It is headed by Professor Colston Warne of Amherst, with Arthur Kallet and Dewey Palmer in immediate charge of operations. On the board of directors are Heywood Broun, Rose Schneiderman, Osmond K. Fraenkel and A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

The Union will rate all kinds of commodities by name on the basis of quality and price, will report on the labor conditions under which various commodities are manufactured, will pay special attention to low-priced products, food, clothing, shoes, household supplies, which families with low incomes are most interested in, will also work actively with trade unions, cooperatives and other consumer groups in an effort to advance living standards.

Secret Nazi Conclave

THE extent of Nazi propaganda in the United States was indicated recently when the Friends of the New Germany held a secret convention at the Hotel Statler in Buffalo. A small army of local police guarded the sixty delegates, among whom were three members of the Gestapo, the Nazi secret state police. The three men also represented Herr Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda. They had been instructed to bring order into the affairs of the Friends of the New Germany.

Many Buffalo citizens opposed this Nazi propaganda. But the mayor and the police department suddenly discovered that freedom of assemblage was the inalienable right of those who would destroy every vestige of democracy.

In reply to hundreds of telephoned protests, the management of the Hotel Statler said it knew nothing about a

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Nazi meeting; the hall had been hired for a banquet by the Hamburg-American Line. Probably the Hotel Statler was telling the truth. Anyone acquainted with Nazi propaganda technique knows the role played by the Hamburg-American Line and by the North German Lloyd. By a special order of Herr Goebbels, they are compelled to assist the Nazi movement through their agencies in various parts of the world. They are expected to finance Nazi gatherings and there is every likelihood that the Hamburg-American Line not only hired the Hotel Statler for the Friends of the New Germany on March 28 and 29, but even paid for their convention.

Progressive Buffalo citizens organized an anti-Nazi committee, protested to the mayor against the convention in general and in particular against the participation of the three Gestapo agents, who were there, it appears, illegally. The committee further protested against the campaign of terror planned by the Nazis. A delegation called at the German consulate and protested to Vice-Consul von Kiesow.

This concerted action by various groups of workers and liberals had its effect. Nazi Consul Chapin had promised to attend the secret convention at the Hotel Statler; in the end he did not dare to show up. Furthermore, while the Friends were meeting under the scrutiny of the three Gestapo agents, the anti-fascist groups were distributing leaflets in front of the hotel. Passersby applauded them, shouting: "Down with the Nazis!" Sentiment against the conspiracy spread. The convention of surgeons meeting in another part of the hotel passed a resolution condemning the Friends of the New Germany "banquet."

Within the Nazi convention itself, the Gestapo agents were shaking up the organization. The Friends of the New Germany is no more. From now on these fascists will call themselves the American-German People's Union (Amerika-Deutscher Volksbund). Only Nazis who are American citizens are eligible for membership.

The so-called Union of German Consumers' Societies (Foerderbund des Deutschen Konsumerverbandes) has also been renamed the German Guild of Culture (Deutsche Kulturgilde).

The "culture" group will be open to Germans in this country who are not American citizens. That will be the sole difference between the Guild and the "People's Union." Otherwise, they will both be engaged in the same dastardly business of spreading Nazi propaganda in the United States. To symbolize the identity of their cause, both new organizations will be under the leadership of the notorious Feme assassin Fritz Kuhn.

Tampa's Political Murder

NINE Klansmen in Tampa, Florida, are arraigned for the political murder of Joseph Shoemaker. They will face a Klansman judge and a Klansman prosecutor. Their defense will be conducted by a Klansman. Nevertheless, the Tampa Klan fears that the result of the trial will not be Klan justice. For public opinion demands a trial that is more than a farce. Labor throughout America has thrown its weight behind the prosecution; the A. F. of L., the Socialist and Communist Parties, workers, liberals, middle-class groups are watching the proceedings.

Consequently, Pat Whitaker, defense attorney and brother-in-law of Mayor Chancey of Tampa, fought all last week for a change of venue to a more favorable location—to Bartow, Polk County, stronghold of the K.K.K. State Prosecutor Rex Farrior, old-time member of the Chancey political ring, scarcely opposed the request which was finally granted.

In Polk County, Fred Bass has powerful influence. The same Fred Bass murdered the labor organizer Frank Norman almost two years ago. Everyone knows that Fred Bass was present at the flogging of Dr. Sam Rogers, Eugene Poulnot and Joseph Shoemaker that night of November 30.

The crime was planned in advance. It is admitted in Tampa that Fred Bass came to Tampa on Nov. 14 and met secretly at the City Hall with the chief of police, the mayor, a justice of the peace and two city aldermen. With them Fred Bass plotted the kidnaping and flogging and made his usual demand of $50 for each thug he supplied. He was promised the money.

On Nov. 30, a few men gathered to discuss plans for the formation of the Modern Democrats (a reform movement opposed to the corruption and graft in the city government). The police, tipped off by their hired stoolpigeon, McCaskill, raided the meeting, arrested Shoemaker and his friends. In addition to the three later taken for a ride, Police Sergeant C. A. Brown arrested the state secretary of the Socialist Party, a member of the executive committee of the Florida Socialist Party, and the stoolpigeon McCaskill. The three latter were released—McCaskill to participate in the subsequent flogging and killing and the Socialists because the police probably feared that they had influential connections.

After questioning Shoemaker, Rogers and Poulnot at the police station, after beating Shoemaker and slugging him in the back of the head with a pistol, the police (headed by Sergeant C. A. Brown) rushed the three men into cars in front of the station. They carried them to the deserted Estuary on the waterfront where the victims were handed over to Fred Bass and his hired thugs.

The next day, Shoemaker was found; a week later he died.

Behind the murder of Shoemaker is the attempt of corrupt Klan city officials to crush opposition to their graft. And behind the Klan politicians stand the powerful shipping interests of the East Coast and the Gulf. The Modern Democrats supported organized labor. The Clyde Mallory Line and other shippers did not want Negro longshoremen in Tampa, Miami and Jacksonville to organize for higher wages and better conditions. The flogging was designed to teach Joseph Shoemaker not to interfere with the Klan ring running Tampa; it was also meant to intimidate Frank Henderson, organizer for the International Longshoremen's Association, who was arrested in Tampa at the same time as the Modern Democrats. Henderson was warned that the treatment of Shoemaker and his companions would be handed out to him if he persisted in organizing longshoremen. All along the line, Big Business and the Klan cooperated. They arranged the kidnaping and the flogging which resulted in Shoemaker's death.

The trial must be hushed to keep Mayor Chancey in office, to prevent Governor Scholtz from being implicated, to assure the Klan continuation of its sinister rule in Florida. But

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TORNADO

William Gropper

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there is an encouraging aspect to the change of venue. It shows that the Klan feels the pressure of the outraged masses in the South itself. Each day finds the people of Florida more resolved that the prosecution should be unflinching and should expose the gang behind the floggings and the murder. The people are demanding that Fred Bass be questioned; they want a grand jury investigation into the activities of the stoolpigeon McCaskill, of the Tampa head of the Clyde-Mallory Line, of Mayor Chancey and others who are implicated. They are demanding that those who plotted and participated in the flogging which killed Shoemaker, be prosecuted and convicted.

The Two Danger Zones

IT HAS been suspected for some time that the Japanese and German imperialists have reached a military agreement. The suspicion is now more than strengthened by Augur, in The New York Times, one of the best informed of European political commentators, who usually gets his inspiration from the British Foreign Office. Both parties to the alliance are now so aggressively pushing their war plans that in a more peaceful era it might have been said that war had already begun. In the West, German troops have settled stubbornly in the Rhineland, which the Nazis have been fortifying for some time in spite of solemn agreements to the contrary. In the Far East, Japanese troops have been making one assault after another upon Outer Mongolia and have repeatedly crossed the Siberian border.

The Japanese have been painfully surprised by the reception they got both in Outer Mongolia and in Siberia. Now the War Ministry professes to be "alarmed at the striking contrast between the rapid development of Soviet forces in the Orient and the stagnation of Japanese-Manchukuoan military development." What the War Ministry is really alarmed at, of course, is that the Japanese troops acting as aggressors in the border clashes have been given a severe licking. The army chiefs have therefore demanded a special budget appropriation of about $300,000,000 to strengthen and modernize Japanese forces in China and Manchukuo on a vast scale with the specific aim of attacking the Soviet Union.

Acting on behalf of Japan, the marionette who calls himself Foreign Minister of Manchukuo, has declared that the new mutual-assistance pact between the Soviet Union and Outer Mongolia is equivalent to the annexation of Outer Mongolia by the Soviet Union. This diplomatic paradox is accompanied by a threat less paradoxical. If the Nanking government will tolerate such a pact, the Manchukuoan marionette said, "we will consider it an enemy of the Asiatic races." This is Tokyo's way of telling China that it must support Japanese conquest of Outer Mongolia, prelude to an attack upon the Soviet Union.

Hitler's road to war has been made smoother by the attitude of the League of Nations. Geneva's passive encouragement of armed assaults by Tokio and its failure to take effective action against Italy allayed any qualms which Germany may have had about entering the Rhineland. Hitler had good reason to feel that he would encounter no real resistance from the League. He must have known, too, that he could count upon the passive support of the British government. When the British signed a naval agreement with the Nazi regime immediately after Hitler had introduced military conscription in violation of the Versailles Treaty, Downing Street practically legalized breach of contract. If the Versailles pact may be broken with impunity, why not the pact of Locarno? British policy, more than anything else, gave Hitler a free hand to create a situation which threatens immediately the peace of France, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Austria and the Soviet Union, and therefore the peace of the world. This danger also threatens the German people themselves. They, like the people of other countries, want peace; their fascist rulers are leading them to a war which must end in a defeat even more crushing than that which they sustained under the Kaiser.

Joint action by Britain, France and the Soviet Union could safeguard the peace of the world against the mad aggression of Hitler, now allied with Japan. The French have shown a desire for peace. As we go to press, there are reports that Paris is ready with a broad plan for collective security and mutual assistance which could replace and transcend the Locarno pact.

The Soviet Union, always in the vanguard of the world's peace forces, goes further. It now urges equality for Germany and a strong system of collective security under a more effective League of Nations. This is suggested in complete awareness of the League's limitations and of Hitler's warlike intentions. Should Germany, however, refuse a place of equality in the collective plan for peace, then, the Soviet Union proposes, such a system should be created in spite of Germany. Writing in Izvestia this week, Karl Radek warns that if Germany unleashes war "it would sweep the whole world with its flame, and most of the capitalist powers would burn up in it."

While the position of the Soviet Union and of France is clear enough, the British governing class is divided and the Cabinet follows a policy whose ambiguity may become a betrayal of the cause of peace, a direct encouragement to Hitler and his Japanese ally. All the more important, under these circumstances, becomes the role of the popular movement for the preservation of peace. The recent demonstration in Albert Hall, London, against war and fascism—a demonstration in which the workers and the liberals sang "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves" while the English blackshirts sang the Horst Wessel song—indicates that whatever Downing Street tories may think, the English people do not want war. No people wants war. It is the fascists, the Liberty Leaguers, the Nazis who wish to plunge mankind into a maelstrom of fire and blood for the profit of monopoly capital.

These destructive forces can be victorious only if the people are divided. If that split is healed, if a People's Front is formed of all those who sincerely desire peace, if millions in every country join their hearts and wills and ranks, it will be possible to halt the criminal advances of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan.

J. F.

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Republican Rough-Rider Knox

HY KRAVIF

OUT OF the "Rough Riders" of the Spanish-American War have come three men later bitten by the Presidential bee. "Teddy" Roosevelt was, of course, the most famous of them. General Leonard Wood was another. The latest recruit from this little band is Colonel Frank Knox—christened William Franklin—sixty-two-year-old publisher of The Chicago Daily News, who faces Senator Borah in the Illinois Republican primaries this week.

The Colonel has all the stuff that goes into the making of a Republican candidate. His supporters picture him as a "plain American" (shades of Landon). Maybe he is "plain," but the Frank Knox whom the Sunday rotogravure sections pictured visiting his Arizona ranch a few weeks ago, sported the swankiest riding habit I've ever seen outside the movies.

Knox is not only "plain." He's downright common! Wasn't he a $1.25 newspaper delivery boy in a small midwestern city at the age of eleven? Didn't he get up at the traditional three a. m. to earn the extra quarter? Didn't he work himself through Alma College (with the aid of a little borrowed capital)? Wasn't he a hero returned from the war in Cuba? Didn't he rise to become a $10 reporter and later city editor of The Grand Rapids Herald? And hasn't he risen further to become a successful business man? What if that was 'way back in the expansionist days of the 1890's? No matter. The "newsboy to president" boom is on. Such is the stuff of political "build ups."

From Grand Rapids, the youthful Knox went to Sault Ste. Marie, on Michigan's upper peninsula, where he acquired a local daily. In the meantime, also, he had acquired a partner—with money. The first year passed and Knox gobbled up the other local newspaper, becoming boss of the Soo's only papers. (Years later he was to repeat the same process in Manchester, N. H.)

Knox was not one of your namby-pamby editors. He was a CRUSADER. He fought VICE, for instance.

"The cruelty to dumb animals in this city is simply appalling," reads one of his fighting editorials of those days.

Here, too, the Colonel made his political debut, helping elect Chase S. Osborn governor of Michigan in 1910. He became Republican state chairman, nominated, incidentally, by a current rival and early newspaper associate, Senator Vandenberg.

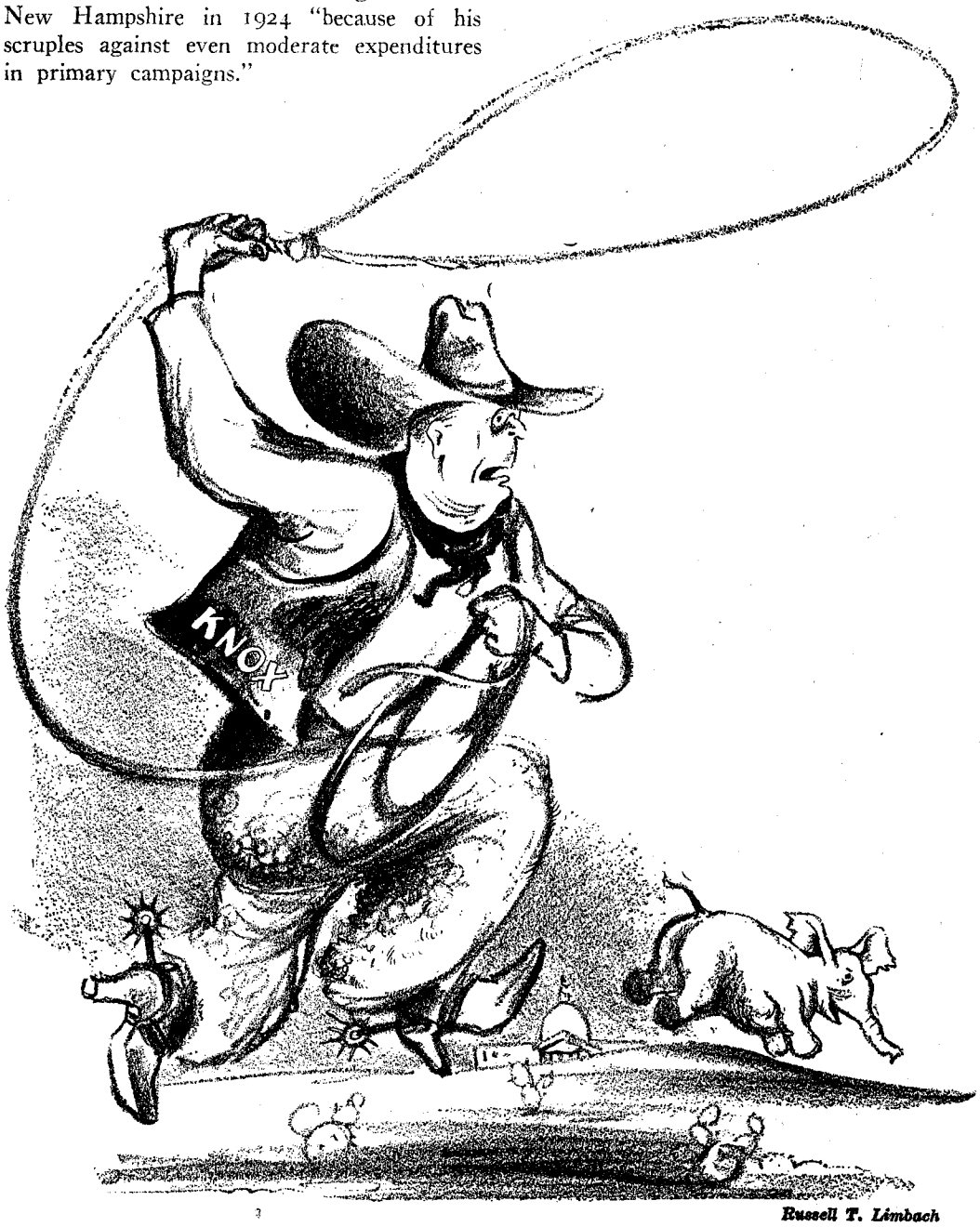
As Osborn's campaign manager, Knox committed an "indiscretion" which has not been satisfactorily explained. Both candidate and manager were widely represented as being opposed to large campaign chests. But in a fight with a political subordinate, it was later disclosed that during the campaign Knox had written:

> Knowing of the prominence which the tonnage tax issue will play in the campaign and the certain cost which will be incurred in meeting this issue . . . [we] feel that mining companies ought to be pretty liberal in their contributions to the campaign fund. Confidentially, I anticipate that the campaign will cost in the neighborhood of $50,000, and of this I estimate that we ought to raise $20,000 in the upper peninsula, $15,000 in lower Michigan among Mr. Osborn's friends in Wayne (Detroit) and Saginaw particularly, and $15,000 to be contributed by Mr. Osborn himself.

Now this is important since a biography[1] of Knox which appears, by pure coincidence, of course, at this time, makes much of his reluctance to indulge in heavy money campaigns. In fact, it is reported that he lost the Republican nomination for governor of New Hampshire in 1924 "because of his scruples against even moderate expenditures in primary campaigns."

But is it likely, in view of the above? And isn't it even less credible when we know that for two months in 1920 Knox did his darndest to secure the Republican presidential nomination for General Wood? Such close association could not fail to reveal to him that more than $1,750,000 was raised for Wood—the largest *pre-convention* fund ever collected! The money was largely put up by W. C. Proctor of Proctor & Gamble.

Knox's early taste of politics was apparently to his liking, for soon he got into it on a national scale. "T. R." had always been his beau ideal. They became close political associates as well as personal intimates. Indeed, Knox is credited with being the man who induced Roosevelt to run against Taft in 1912. Only because of a last-minute misunderstanding did Knox bolt the bolting Bull



Russell T. Limbach

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Moosers. Now Borah taunts him with having once bolted "the Party." The friendship with the unsuccessful Roosevelt was, however, resumed after the campaign.

Why did he admire the so-called "trust buster" and consider him the "foremost citizen of the world"? Because Roosevelt, like himself, was a doer rather than a thinker. Roosevelt is a "man of action rather than of theory . . . Roosevelt does little theorizing," Knox wrote approvingly.

By 1927, we find Knox the successful publisher of Manchester's only dailies. Then came a big chance. Hearst offered him the general managership of the entire Hearst newspaper chain. For four years he was second in command only to the "Saint" of San Simeon himself. I am under the distinct impression that the Hearst association is not now being played up except to show the Colonel off as the successful conductor of one of the country's large businesses. It is not entirely clear why he left Hearst's employ in 1931, except that they had a "difference of opinion as to methods of management" because of certain "economies" which Knox instituted. And so when the big business interests behind The Chicago Daily News were looking for "some outstanding *name*" to act as publisher and editor, they picked up Knox. He has been there for the last five years.

Our presidential aspirant's career, then, is not very exciting, nothing more than that of the conventional, successful business man. And this, notwithstanding the publisher's blurb on his biography, to wit: "A man whose colorful life challenges the assertion that the great editors of the past—the Greeleys, the Danas and the Pulitzers—are no more."

Heywood Broun appears to have been positively bored with the "newsboy to president" angle laid on thickly in the clip sheets of the Knox-for-President-Committee. The subject didn't rouse Broun to more than a little mild spoofing. For example, he noted the Colonel's courageous tendency to such provocative and positively revolutionary utterances as "In 1776 he would rather have been one of Washington's ragged soldiers than a Tory." And, in a later year: "To dress, to act, to order our households and our lives by how it looks, by the opinions of others and to make an impression, betrays a shallow mind and a weak character."

Such harmless, cautious, safe and sane editorials give us the key to Knox's current campaign strategy. Which strategy, be it noted, follows Landon's pretty closely. Landon, for example, is now condemning the New Deal in its entirety, that being the trend of the times. Thus in his March 24 speech in New York City, Knox, whose paper earlier boasted that it was among the very first to smoke out the Roosevelt administration, adopted a tack similar to Landon's. This was a new departure in Republican methods, the papers observed. There are many other points of resemblance in the buildups of Colonel Knox and Landon.

Does the Republican Party want a budget balancer in 1936? Knox is your man, his supporters exclaim. Hasn't he balanced the budget of a "great" chain of newspapers? On his own newspapers, it is noted, he "had learned early in life to watch his figures and budget his business." This, indeed is a leading motif of the biography which is one of this year's crop of campaign documents. Two of its chapter headings, for instance, are "Lessons in Yankee Economy" and "Experiments in Budget Balancing."

Does the Republican Party want a "farmers' friend"? Then editorials he wrote in support of the farmers are trotted out.

Is a "progressive" desired? One who at times has even "called himself a liberal"? Then the Colonel is a "progressive" by virtue of his association with Roosevelt's "progressive" movement twenty-four years ago! There is, of course, the little matter of his campaign manager, the former national American Legion commander, E. A. Hayes, whose talk on "How Red Is America?" was being circulated gratis by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States only last summer. But even Hayes may have his compensations. Knox has declared for the veterans' bonus and with Hayes' pull is making a bid for the veterans' vote.

Shouldn't the candidate be a friend of union labor? Knox is your man. The proof? Well, some twelve years ago The New Hampshire Labor Review said that in Knox's twenty-three years as an employer of labor, he had never had a strike! Also (I'd almost forgotten) thirty years ago Knox wrote editorials favoring old age pensions, the abolition of child labor and lauded the "triumphs of unionism."

But just over a year ago, according to Carl Haessler of Federated Press, The Chicago Daily News editorially "belittled the efforts of the A.F. of L. to organize the automobile and steel industries and warned organized labor that enforcement of the majority-vote rule in representing workers for collective bargaining means regimentation."

The paper's interest in organization of the steel industry, as I have pointed out elsewhere, becomes apparent when we examine some of Knox's fellow directors on the paper. There is Sewell Avery, head of Montgomery Ward, who happens to be a director of the United States Steel Corporation. There is George Eaton Scott, president of American Steel Foundries; John Stuart of Quaker Oats Co., who happens also to be a director of International Harvester Co., and Max Epstein of the General American Transportation Co.—both the last named firms being good customers of the steel industry.

And when the American Newspaper Guild charged that Daily News employes were being "intimidated" against joining the union, Knox replied indignantly that he had had "long and amicable contact with organized labor . . . My guess is that intimidation hasn't anything to do with it, but rather that the hardboiled, individualistic and realistic men who staff the Chicago papers don't see the benefits."

Does the Republican Party want a successful, practical business man? Knox is the boy for them. When he came to The Daily News "Chicago's business men admitted him to their inner circles and their full confidence immediately." Besides, you have to have something to become a director —which Knox is — of the City National Bank and Trust Co. presided over by a former Vice President and recipient of an $80,000,000 R.F.C. "loan"—General Charles G. Dawes. To save The Daily News "as a newspaper with a soul [sic]," its backers had "had to find an administrator big and resourceful enough to save it as a corporate entity if its revenue continued to decline." Knox did just that. The paper's profits have been well over a million dollars a year. To add a bit of irony, a year and a half ago, Knox spoke for the semi-fascist Crusaders over a national hookup on the subject "Business Free From Chains." Despite which chains, Daily News profits averaged $360,000 *more* in 1932-34 than in the prior three Hoover years!

A prerequisite for a Republican candidate is "patriotism." The Colonel is a veteran of two wars, having served overseas also during the World War. But before he went across, he was stationed at Camp Dix, New Jersey, and the electrical workers' union was trying to organize the electricians employed at the camp. Our dauntless Colonel went into action at once. He mobilized all those soldiers who had been electricians as civilians. They were to serve as union busters. "When the union men heard of this, they rushed back to work."

Shouldn't the Republican candidate this year appear to be against monopoly? Knox's editorials against monopoly are quoted. But just what did he think he was doing when he became the publisher of the *only* newspapers, first in the Soo, and then in Manchester? His association with Sewell Avery, of Montgomery Ward and U.S. Steel (both Morgan-dominated) and a substantial Liberty League contributor to boot, does not convince on this point.

Nor is it a tribute to his supposed political acumen when he told a reporter in New York on his recent visit that he and Borah were pretty much in agreement except that the latter "seems obsessed with the idea that the party is in control of the corporate interests. I've tried to find them—but I couldn't." This is scarcely befitting a lifelong Republican who has for years been in his Party's inner councils. Surely he is aware of the big business personnel that makes up the committee of sixteen chosen by Chairman Henry Fletcher to raise Republican finances this year? Also, he must know that his friend Avery (who went to New York to get the dope on Knox for The Daily News job), is also a member of

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this committee? And hasn't he *ever* scanned the lists of big Republican contributors?

Knox's profundity is indicated by a sentence from a talk he delivered last August in West Virginia, sometime after he had been "prevailed upon" to throw his hat in the ring. "The most irreligious atmosphere in America [he's a church-goer, his biographer points out] today is in the meetings of radical Socialists who would substitute planned economy and socialistic philosophy for our free institutions."

I'll say one thing for the Colonel. He's not in the presidential race for the salary attached to that position. For as late as 1934 his salary on The Daily News was already exactly equivalent to the President's —$75,000. His personal wealth is estimated at $1,500,000.

One thing which works against the Colonel is that he does not now hold public office and so is not so much in the limelight as, say, Landon or Borah.

But there are two additional reasons which mitigate against his chances. It's just possible that the Liberty League boys may turn him down. You see, his hair is—horrors!—RED! Besides, haven't we had enough of one "Frankie" in the White House?

Knox's program is short, but not so sweet. (1) "Economy" and opposition to "reckless" government spending. This apparently includes "economy" in relief expenditures. For he has approvingly quoted former budget director Lewis Douglas' criticism that "all the necessities of relief could be met with less than one-fourth the appropriation made"; (2) "a balanced budget"; (3) "a sound currency"; (4) "unemployment and old age insurance under state laws." This is exactly like the Democratic Party's 1932 plank which resulted—three years later—in the pitifully inadequate "Social Security" Act; (5) "strict and impartial enforcement of the anti-trust laws to prevent monopoly and unfair trade practices"; and (6) "opposition to the unsound policy of restricting agricultural production." The Colonel was big enough to admit, in his March 24 address, that solution of the farm problem had been subject to "more than a little fumbling, in which I make no exception of myself."

Oh, yes, the Colonel is for the Constitution and against "socialistic experimentation" (I am quoting). Where would Frank Knox be if, say, the Chicago Daily News, were "socialized"?

1 *Frank Knox: American*, by Norman Beasley. Doubleday, Doran. $1.

The St. Paul Convention

ELIZABETH ADAMS

ST. PAUL.

THE Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party went places last week. It was obvious, however, from the differences of opinion voiced by delegates at the St. Paul convention that before Minnesota will achieve a real united front of all progressives, liberals and radicals, certain sections of the Farmer-Labor Party will have to be discarded. The Olson-Benson party machine is wide enough to take in heterogeneous elements all the way from Red-baiters to known Communists. If the party factions not in accord with the move toward a real united front do not break away, they will have to be dropped.

Governor Olson realizes that the growing sentiment is to the Left and that without his strong leadership when he goes to the Senate the party faces inner disturbances. Always politically realistic, Olson clamped down on all Red-baiting at the convention. In his speech on the first day of the convention, he said:

"We have been the victims of Red-baiting; I appeal to Farmer-Laborites not to themselves become Red-baiters. This is a double-edged sword and if we resort to it, we will in the end pay a heavy penalty."

The steamrolling anticipated by some was not invoked. With Olson and with the party, "votes is votes" and unity within the Party is the first consideration. Delegates from Local 574, outlaw union and probably the spearhead of militancy among the labor unions of the Twin Cities, were seated without friction.

There were other concessions to unity during the convention. The wording and acceptance of the "exploration clause" of the resolution paving the way for a National Farmer-Labor Party for 1936 and the result of the Peterson-Benson struggle for endorsement for governor in 1936 were notable examples of the determination to preserve party unity. After a bitter debate, the convention adopted the resolution providing that "a special committee be elected with representatives from each congressional district to call conferences of and to cooperate with other progressive, labor, farmer and political organizations and leaders in calling a national conference to explore the possibilities of a national Farmer-Labor ticket in 1936."

Thomas Amlie of Wisconsin, Chairman of the American Commonwealth Federation, spoke for adoption of the resolution. He pointed out that the only solution for the unemployment problem is national, that it can come only after the passage of a constitutional amendment giving Congress power to deal with this and other national problems. He stated that the time is ripe for a third party, that there is no chance of liberalizing either the Republican or the Democratic parties, that all they have to offer the 12,500,000 distressed unemployed is the dole on one hand and boondoggling on the other. Amlie discounted the argument that there should be a building of the Farmer-Labor Party state by state before a national ticket is launched. The Republican Party, he stated, had been built from organizations of Republicans within only several states.

Harold Bean, Secretary of the Workers' Alliance of Minnesota, urged the establishment of a National Farmer-Labor Party with a full ticket for 1936. He reminded the delegates of the present paid-up membership of 100,000 and the futility of looking for anything from either the Republican or Democratic parties.

Not all delegates, however, were so hopeful of extending the Farmer-Labor movement to a national scope in 1936, or so despairing of looking for something nationally from the Democratic Party. William Mahoney, former Farmer-Labor mayor of St. Paul and present candidate for the same job, spoke of caution, of the slow building of the Farmer-Labor movement over a period of eighteen years. He urged delegates to do things people can understand, to stay with the crowd and not go beyond it. "We must not let ideals obscure our obligations," he said.

Mahoney was a delegate from Ramsey County (St. Paul) and it was the Ramsey delegation that formed the most serious block against adoption of the third-party resolution. There were references in Mahoney's speech as well as in the speeches of other opponents of the resolution to the "good man in the White House." An observer of convention proceedings might wonder with reason if the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota with its astute and realistic leadership is not afraid to break its alliance with the Democrats until the party can carry the state alone. It is well known that the Farmer-Labor Party helped to elect Roosevelt in 1932. The more militant delegates in the present convention have practically forced the party to a break with the Democrats by putting through the 1936 ticket issue.

This was the central point of the convention. And yet it will mean only as much as party leaders make it mean through their work for the formation of state Farmer-Labor parties and the promotion of the 1936 ticket. In

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putting up a candidate for president this year, leaders may see danger of losing support of Democrats on the local ticket and may consider it too high a price to pay for helping to launch a third party. It might easily be that if the party breaks its alliance with the Democrats, a strong Democratic candidate for governor will be run against Benson, and Democratic votes formerly given Olson be lost. Benson is not so strong a candidate as Olson, has had no experience in running for office and there is a local Democrat who would make a strong opposition. On this point rests much of the future of the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota and its position as a leader nationally in building a united front.

One struggle centered about the desires of Elmer Benson, recent Olson appointee to the United States Senate and of Hjalmer Peterson, present lieutenant-governor, to get the endorsement of the convention for governor. There were moments when a rift seemed imminent, but after a roll call which gave endorsement to Benson with an overwhelming majority, Peterson withdrew and was later rewarded with the endorsement for Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner. This calming of ruffled waters characterized the activities of the convention throughout. All debate was conducted in a democratic manner and as a whole the delegates seemed most desirous of reaching accord on matters that might have caused rifts. The progressive delegates put up a strong fight throughout, winning most of their points, including recommendation for passage of the Frazier-Lundeen bill.

The new platform of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party is in some ways more concrete than the 1934 platform. However, the amendment to the platform advocating the taking over and operating of factories for the unemployed was defeated. Many observers felt that the failure to pass this amendment was a toning down of the "socialist" aims of the Farmer-Labor leaders. Here the considerations were entirely practical. The Republicans had played havoc with the plank in the Farmer-Labor platform of 1934 which advocated public ownership of all mines, waterpower, transportation and communication, banks, packing plants, factories and all public utilities except bona-fide cooperatives. Rich farmers in the western and southern sections of the state were told that this meant that the Farmer-Labor Party was considering the confiscation of their property. Poorer farmers believed the same. As a result, Olson's plurality dropped by 53,000 votes in 1934. The drop occurred mainly in the small rural counties that had been fed propaganda of confiscation of their property. His vote increased in the three largest counties of the state — Hennepin (Minneapolis), Ramsey (St. Paul) and St. Louis (Duluth)—due to the fact that many of the voters in these counties were industrial workers who had no property to lose and who were more militant than the rural people. Difference of opinion over this plank in the 1934 platform resulted in a near break between the farmer and the labor supporters of the Party. The plank in the 1936 platform regarding industries advocates:

> Amend the Federal Constitution to authorize governmental regulation of industrial and agricultural production, working conditions in industry and government ownership of banking and monopolistic industries. Amend State Constitution to regulate hours, wages in industry.

When the platform came up for discussion a number of progressive additions were proposed from the floor, including the guarantee to workers of the right to organize, strike and picket. Most of these proposals from the floor, including this guarantee to workers, were finally incorporated in the platform.

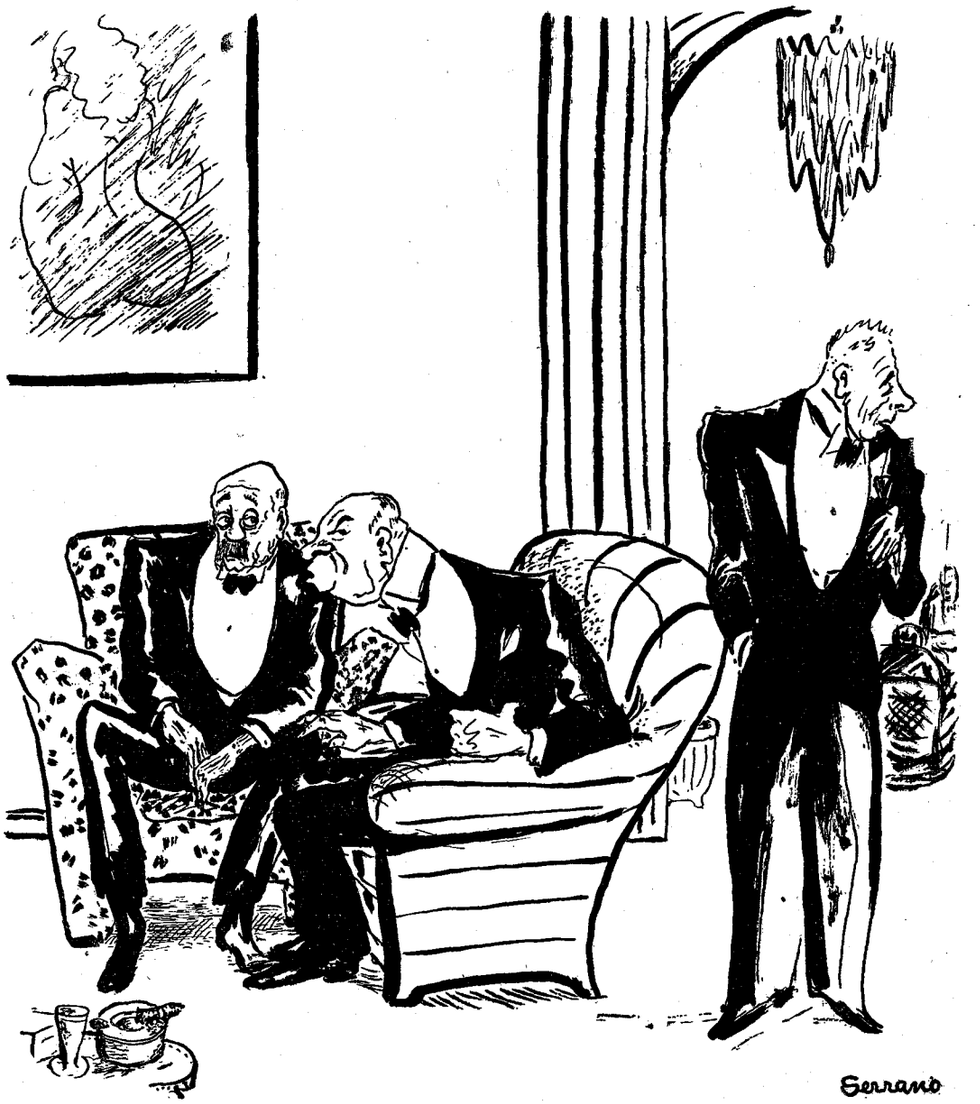
The platform is divided into two parts, one advocating measures to be passed by Congress and the other advocating measures to be passed by the state legislature. In the former are included demands for legislation as follows:

> Frazier-Lemke farm-refinancing bill;
> Government credit to farm cooperatives;
> Operation by the government of idle factories by the unemployed to provide goods for their use;
> Neutrality legislation including prohibition of exports to any nation at war;
> Government ownership of munitions industry;
> Conscription of wealth in time of war.

The second part of the platform dealing with proposals for state legislature advocates the following legislation:

> An increase of the money and credits tax to five mills;
> Increases in telephone and railroad gross-earning's taxes;
> Increase in iron-ore taxes;
> Increase in income and inheritance taxes in the higher branches;
> Amendment of the corporate excess-tax law to provide a flat twenty-mill rate on all corporate excess;
> An adequate unemployment-insurance law;
> An amendment to the constitution giving the legislature authority to fix minimum wages and maximum hours of employment in industry;
> Election of legislators with county designation;
> A state civil-service law.

Under proposals for state legislation are included also opposition to the constitutional amendment to eliminate the state property tax and opposition to a general sales tax.



"That's the black sheep of the family, he works!"

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Which Way, Lawyer?

S. M. BLINKEN

IT IS almost a commonplace today that no professionals suffer worse conditions than the average New York lawyer. Compelled to keep up appearances he cannot possibly afford, he works under heartbreaking, humiliating conditions. Hours mean nothing to him; he must tolerate the most despicable impositions of his employers. His wages are often nothing less than disgraceful. He renders his services for next to nothing and in so doing helps further to break down the scale of remuneration. Naturally he hesitates to press his clients for payment of their bills for fear that they will seek another lawyer (who, in turn, will be "stuck" by them since they cannot pay their bills). Subjected to discriminations of race and religion, harried from day to day, he is unable to prevent the uncertainties or provide for the necessities of the morrow. These "average" lawyers thus go about jostling one another in a frantic rush for business—any business at all . . . and with the consequent corruptions. Theirs is a daily living nightmare, with no release in sight.

The industrial era of mergers culminating in 1929 was reflected in the legal field. There, too, mergers took place and in so doing hundreds of lawyers were frozen out of their jobs, not to say their profession. A handful of large law firms represent a handful of gigantic corporations and trusts that practically control our economic life. Wealth and connections are now prerequisites for entry into any of these firms. Thousands of roaming lawyers are fully the equals of those within the sanctums of our outstanding legal firms, yet their abilities count for nothing. Even "political" law firms are no longer what they used to be, for political vicissitudes have undermined their stability. The political "plums" handed out by judges in the form of appointments as referees and receivers are not numerous enough to go around. A suggestion recently made to establish a rotating panel whereby members of the bar would receive appointments as receivers and trustees in bankruptcy and equity receiverships was turned down by the Federal judges in the New York district. No reason was given.

Lawyers who formerly disdained to show themselves in the Municipal Court, the "Poor Man's Court" (sic), appear there today; they no longer apologetically explain that a "really important issue" compels their appearance. Law firms by the score have disintegrated before dissolving. Desperately the help of friends, wives, families has been enlisted, and in many instances in disregard of usual scruples. Collateral occupations are only too welcome—working as waiters at night, shoe salesmen, orchestra players, etc. In such offices as they can manage to scrape together, the scene resembles a community church more than a law office. A cartoonist humorously depicted a law office of today by showing a list of names on the entrance door extending from the transom down over the door mat. As a rule, such an office has a single overworked stenographer whose salary is dependent on a haphazard weekly collection from the embarrassed barristers.

The top lawyer of law firms waxes richer in proportion to the expansion of monopolies they represent. The rank and file, including hundreds of old-timers, are losing faith, no lawyers recognize themselves as lawyers, see the profession doomed, and themselves victims of the same forces that exploit the majority of the people. They are beginning to see that society has inadequately provided for them and they now seek a remedy. The need is now for active participation by the rank and file of lawyers in an extensive, common movement to salvage a life-time investment of preparation for their profession. They have no other choice.

What has the American Bar Association been doing to improve the condition of the average lawyer? A few gleanings from its last annual report indicate the nature of its concerns and activities:

> 1. Resolution passed by the executive committee favoring enactment into law of H.R. 6795 which is intended to increase the classes of undesirable aliens subject to deportation and to strengthen the government's authority to effect deportations, p. 35;
>
> 2. Regarding the Sirovich Bill to delimit liability of steamship lines so that proper damages may be assessed against the owners (proposed after the Morro Castle disaster) the committee, hesitating because the bill "would substantially deprive the shipowner of the benefits of limitation," passed the matter on to succeeding committees because it was considered "premature," pp. 60 and 62;
>
> 3. The committee on American Citizenship during a long and dreary report took time out to quote that equally dreary and departed soul, Calvin Coolidge, "To live under the American Constitution is the greatest privilege that was ever accorded the human race." The chairman of this committee is Mr. James M. Beck, noted lawyer, and member of the American Liberty League.

Can the condition of the average lawyer be rectified by such activities? Can the average lawyer be fed and clothed and housed by patriotic appeals? Can the average lawyer trust a leadership which dedicates itself to such reactionary programs? It is one thing to speak of lawyers as "intense individuals" and appeal to them to attend the next annual convention in Boston, where the A.B.A. promises "an interesting, notable and patriotic gathering of American lawyers, amid historic surroundings," and it is quite another to confront their actual problems.

William L. Ransom, President of the American Bar Association, proposes integration of the nation's lawyers by means of a national House of Delegates of the legal profession to be set up under the auspices of his organization. Such an organizing step is certainly necessary. It is high time that lawyers did something to promote their general welfare through effective organization. But it is profoundly important that the leaders of such a movement be guided by a clear understanding of the actual situation and an honest approach to the problems.

Who is William L. Ransom? How has he approached the problem?

As every lawyer knows, Ransom is a highly important figure in the profession; his law firm, in which former Republican Governor Charles S. Whitman is a partner, is one of the strongest in New York. It represents big business, banks, railroads, utilities. Everything is done in the best tradition. There are precise stenographers, subdued office boys, clerks (lawyers) who dig up the law, a filing system that is terrifyingly perfect . . . Refinement, manners, class—class all over. The presiding gentlemen are high in the councils of legal discussion. The name of William L. Ransom is usually prefixed with "the Honorable."

While he is all in favor of their mobilization into bar associations, Ransom does not believe that lawyers should be "regimented." He doesn't suggest how lawyers are to pay their rent and support their families, but he fears for their "socialization." Indeed, his unalterable opposition to anything even faintly associated with the idea of socializing the legal profession was clearly indicated in his address of a few months ago before the New York County Lawyers' Association at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria.

He disposes of the problems of the rural and suburban lawyers as follows:

> The more typical American Lawyer as I have observed him, is very much a part of the life and the work of his community. He owns his own home and usually a little land, may walk to his office, knows by first name the people he meets along the street, knows the men with whom he practices law, has a feeling of independence in spite of moderate fees and slow collections, and is called upon to sit at the council table of every community project. . . . He takes part in the public affairs and politics of his town. . . . His relationship to all these things is individual and personal, and he becomes the greatest individualist in America.

According to Ransom, there would be no need to worry about the future of the profession "if it were left to

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cities and towns . . . and were not dictated by the conditions of life and practice in the few largest cities." Which brings to mind an article, "Don't Be a Lawyer," recently published in The American Mercury:

> I and most of my lawyer friends would quickly abandon our practices for a salaried job, if we had the chance. Since the profession no longer affords any satisfaction other than a meager income, it is only the dearth of other employment that keeps the counsellors in my town from deserting in droves. Many barely earn their keep: they walk around with nickels in their pockets. Most of them are receiving assistance from parents, in-laws, or wives. They no longer harbor any illusion about deriving a steady income from law, but live only in hope of a break, i. e., procuring a steady job or a political sinecure, marrying a rich girl, or falling heir to a fortune. Recently a prominent young attorney in my town quit the profession to become a shoe salesman. Others have gone into insurance, bookselling, and storekeeping. One is now the happy proprietor of a fruit and vegetable stand.

Ransom emphasizes that the integrity of the Bar must be preserved.

> The future of the legal profession in the largest cities depends, in my judgment, on the leadership of the Bar Associations in enlisting the support of the lawyers generally, particularly the younger men of the Bar, and in giving to the public the bases for genuine confidence in the integrity and independence of the legal profession.

But the author of "Don't Be a Lawyer" observes

> The practice of law in my community, as between lawyers themselves, is not all what it was in the old days. Many of them will run a fellow attorney into the ground as eagerly as they will their prey. Betrayals of trust are distressingly common. . . . For example, I dare not now trust some of my colleagues to adjourn a case in which I am interested, for fear they will enter judgment against my client in my absence. The variety of such duplicities has aroused the courts, and they have lately attempted a characteristic cure. By rule, it is now required that all arrangements between attorneys shall be in writing, and recorded. Thus have familiar principles of forthrightness been relegated to limbo, where they rest alongside the Blue Laws and other obsolete regulations.

Thousands upon thousands of "average" lawyers would secretly agree with the conclusion of this article that "Decent youngsters would be better off these days if they raised potatoes instead of practising law. . . . At least from potatoes you derive some satisfaction, and retain your self-respect."

Which is one more illustration of the phenomenon familiar today: of the corruption, meanness, want—and cynicism—bred in the conditions of increasing competition. And as competition intensifies, strife becomes greater and lawyers along with the rest of the people reach the limits of desperation in the struggle for subsistence, not because they hate each other, but because they want to live.

It is obvious that a movement to solve this situation for lawyers must be approached in concrete and immediate terms. If William L. Ransom is to be the leader, he will have to come down from the rarefied atmosphere of his tower at 40 Wall Street and approach the problems as they actually exist in the lives of thousands upon thousands of lawyers now struggling for mere survival.

The second half of this discussion, "This Way, Lawyer," will be published shortly. —THE EDITORS.

Jesuits Back Fascism

BRUCE MINTON

ST. LOUIS.

THE Jesuits, notorious in the history of the past four hundred years as an intriguing political organization, are now taking the lead in a campaign that is not only contrary to the economic needs of the majority of Catholics and all other workers, but is modelled after the fascism of Hitler Germany and the corporative state of Mussolini. The Society of Jesus advocates fascism in the United States. It preaches anti-semitism, race prejudice against Negroes and class collaboration designed to smash labor unions and discredit the working class.

Needless to say, my accusation is not directed against the millions of workers who embrace the Catholic religion. To charge that the Jesuits are attempting to sell fascism to the American people is no more an attack on the Catholic masses than an expose of J. P. Morgan is an attack on the Episcopalians or an expose of Bernard Baruch is an attack on the Jews.

The Jesuits have attempted to put their ideas to a practical test by sending members into Mexico for the purpose of "educating" the Mexican peasants and workers to the point where they will rebel against the present progressive Cardenas government. In its place, the Jesuits are anxious to substitute the "corporative state" in which the Catholic hierarchy would exercise a so-called "benevolent paternalism" within the framework of fascism.

The Catholic hierarchy is one of the most powerful, one of the wealthiest of all ruling cliques; it naturally desires to preserve capitalism and as naturally resents the popular demand in Mexico for the separation of church and state. The Jesuits are at present attempting to fool the masses into accepting a "reformed" capitalism—"reformed" only in the sense that the grip of finance capitalism on the masses is intensified to a stranglehold.

St. Louis University at St. Louis, Mo., is a center of such Jesuit activity. Father Daniel A. Lord of the Society of Jesus, editor of the monthly magazine The Queen's Work (claiming a circulation of 83,000 copies), heads the propaganda department. Father Lord has written innumerable pamphlets (among them "Shall I Be a Nun?", "Who Can Be a Nun?" "Marry Your Own" and "Shall My Daughter Be a Nun?") as well as twenty-two plays and pageants. From his magazine, The Queen's Work, William Randolph Hearst could learn a trick or two in Red baiting. Father Lord has Hearst's contempt for the working class: in his eyes, workers are dumb; subtle Communists invade their organizations for one purpose—to disrupt. According to Father Lord, Communist strategy works this way:

> 1. He [the Communist] stimulates discussion on economic and social subjects.
> 2. His "plants" or associates help the discussion along.
> 3. When discord or dissension begins to be notable, he takes the floor.
> 4. "I have a plan. This is it." And he presents Communism in its most attractive form.
> 5. If his plan is rejected, he and his associates deliberately go about breaking up the meeting.

If you accept Father Lord's word, you can understand his fear for Mexico—after all, even by his own analysis, the "Reds" seem to rely wholly on logic, except in point 5, which is Father Lord's own contribution. So it is not surprising that Father Lord is pleased to report that "all Mexican bishops have united in a decree which excommunicates any parents who send their children to scholastic schools. The frightful damage done to young souls was the reason for this drastic measure."

In contrast to the Jesuit hatred for Mexico, The Queen's Work endorses fascist Austria where hundreds of Catholic workers along with their fellows of other religions are tortured, murdered and jailed. The Jesuits write:

> There is one country in the world today that is trying to put into effect the Social Reign of Christ. And that country is a land governed by Sodalists. The land is Austria. . . .

The Jesuits are the shock troops of the Catholic hierarchy, the troops that must meet the offensive of liberalism, of proletarian resentment and disgust against the capitalist system. The Jesuits are anti-labor because

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the working class endangers the profits of the Church. Of course, in Father Lord's case, he is wise enough to protect himself and his propaganda. In his pamphlet, "These Terrible Jesuits," he makes it a point to say that "a very wise rule prevents a Jesuit from rushing into print until his manuscript undergoes a preliminary reading by competent scholars," etc. Thus, Father Lord assures the reader that everything in The Queen's Work, in the pamphlets, in every Jesuit publication, is true—for, after all, did not "scholars" authorize it!

Recently, members of the Jesuit order have been anonymously stealing across the Mexican border, there to organize opposition to the Cardenas government. One such emissary admitted that the purpose was to train secret cells of anti-government elements in military drill and tactic for the purpose of "effecting a change of government." A steady stream of these illegal propagandists has left St. Louis; how many others have gone from other parts of the country or the exact number who have slipped out of St. Louis, is impossible to say. Fathers McConnell and O'Donnell crossed into Mexico last autumn. Father Massey, according to the story of an eye witness, "came into St. Louis dressed as a priest. At the university he changed into civilian clothes. He was met at the depot by Father McCabe. That evening he returned to the depot where he took a train South. His beard had been cut in the meantime. I hardly recognized him in civilian clothes though I had a good look at him when he came in. His trip was explained to me by Father ——, saying that Massey was going to Mexico on the same mission as that of McDonald."

Father McDonald, associate editor of The Queen's Work, left St. Louis in November, returned approximately a month later. Father Massey departed for Mexico the middle of December, returned shortly after New Year's Day and was off once again in two weeks' time. By then, Father McDonald had already made his second trip.

An affidavit of a former University employe informs us still further concerning the purpose of such expeditions. The priests themselves admitted that the visits were for "propaganda purposes. They held meetings in private houses in Mexico. They built up a little community, did the same in another place, then when groups were formed, delegates would come to meetings where they would be propagandized for the return of the Church to power."

Father McDonald, who made at least two such trips, lectured in St. Louis. He had much to say against the United States, which "consistently interfered with Mexican affairs" and supported corrupt presidents. Father McDonald demanded that America abandon its interference—with the direct implication that by interference he meant the arms embargo. And he ended with the statement, "Calles was not, as Cardenas is, a sincere Communist."

Crockett Johnson

"I'll contribute if you really think that we can bring about Fascism in a gentlemanly way."

A questioner wanted to know whether the Mexican government was aware that Father McDonald, Jesuit and priest, had entered Mexico for the purpose of making an "investigation." No, answered the priest. He forgot to add that it is illegal for a priest to enter or travel in Mexico. Did the United States Department of State know of his trip? No. Was he able to get a passport? Father McDonald smiled knowingly, "I'd rather not answer that question." The heckler persisted. "Were you, because of Mexican anti-religious sentiments, forced to enter Mexico secretly?" The Father nodded. "Yes. That is to say, I entered incognito." Or, in simple words, the Jesuit Father traveled in Mexico illegally to spread reactionary propaganda.

FATHER LORD was too busy to see me. He was putting the finishing touches to his play *Storm-Tossed,* an anti-Communist gem to be presented by the Radical Center which, the circular states, stands between the Radical Left (producers of *Tobacco Road, Dead-End, Winterset* and *Waiting for Lefty*) and the Conservative Right (*The House of Rothschild, The Call to Arms, Black Fury,* etc.). I therefore called on Father McDonald, his assistant and Mexican traveler. At first he was unwilling to see me. When I was finally ushered into his office, he scrutinized my press card—American Newspaper Guild, signed by Heywood Broun. He scowled at it, a stocky man in a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves and tucked-in collar. "Brown!" he shouted, raising his hand as if to throw the card at me. Instead, he tossed it across the desk. "Brown! That sacrilegious, immoral jackass. That isn't much of a recommendation for you."

"I'm rather an admirer of Heywood Broun."

"Then you admire a fool!"

Father McDonald wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. I changed the subject. "I'd like to ask about your campaign against Communism," I said. "Particularly the part that accuses Communists of arson and violence. Where did you get your information?"

"Everyone knows what the Communists are doing."

"What is the source of your information?"

"We've been told—"

"You know," I said, "a colleague of yours—at least he was a minister—Dr. George Hedley of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wrote a pamphlet about the San Francisco strike in which he pointed out that violence was caused by police—never in his experience by a striker or worker, including a Communist striker or worker."

Father McDonald drew lines on the blotter. "We all make mistakes," he answered. "We've heard plenty of stories about violence."

"Any that you can prove?"

"If we made an error, we'll be careful in the future. We had what we considered reliable information."

Father McDonald is a close friend of Father Coughlin. No, he told me, Coughlin did not set up company unions. He is a sincere, honest man—"for the workers." Father McDonald, too, is "for the workers." And then he expanded about the Jews, who, he felt, could be divided into two classes: "the good ones and the immoral ones. Immoral Jews have the power. They're the bankers, the big men in New York. They have influence. The Jews have the biggest positions—I mean the immoral ones."

That was Hitler's line in 1931 and that is the contention of the Silver Shirts and other fascist organizations. Father McDonald

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added, "You see, it's pretty much a matter of *controlling such groups. And taste.* Some people lack esthetic judgment. Some would think it's all right to marry a nigger—"

"Don't you consider Negroes equal to whites?"

"Theoretically, yes. But you wouldn't want your sister to marry a Negro, would you?"

Father McDonald, the Jesuit, talked a great deal—anti-semitic, anti-Negro, anti-working-class talk. Abruptly, he handed me a pamphlet, "An Integrated Program of Social Order."

"That's our program," he remarked. "We want the socialism of Jesus. He was the first and only true radical. He wanted Christian Socialism. We have a chance to have that in Mexico. Did we ever try it before, in all the long history of this world? No! The Jesuits are trying to educate the people—"

The pamphlet is long. It discusses economic ills and offers a solution. After bowing in the direction of the bankers with the statement, "Private ownership, in itself a right of nature, must be held *inviolate*" (original emphasis), it advocates the old fascist plea for a "widespread distribution of private property." To avoid misunderstanding, the Jesuits insist that such a redistribution must be accomplished "not through confiscatory methods, but through a more equitable distribution of income." How this can be brought about, the pamphlet does not explain, except to hope that "individuals surrender part of their acquired property rights where necessary for the common good." No word on old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, or any concrete proposal of methods to improve the conditions of the workers.

The state, the pamphlet continues, receives its ultimate authority from God—which assures the unemployed, the starving, the oppressed that the state is "an instrument of the common good." Peace is the attribute of this state—particularly peace "for classes between classes"—the familiar fascist plea. And once the class-war is obscured, it is an easy matter to advocate, as the pamphlet does, the "Corporative System in which the employer and worker are represented in a council for each industry, and each industry (Capital and Labor) is represented in a supreme economic council to plan industry as a whole." The old story of the lion and the lamb—capital and labor shall settle all difference and eliminate all friction. Italy has this system—and Mussolini represents in the council both capital and labor. The workers find their standard of living sinking to starvation levels, wealth concentrated in fewer and fewer hands while every available man is forced into the army so that the Ethiopians, too, can benefit from the Corporative State.

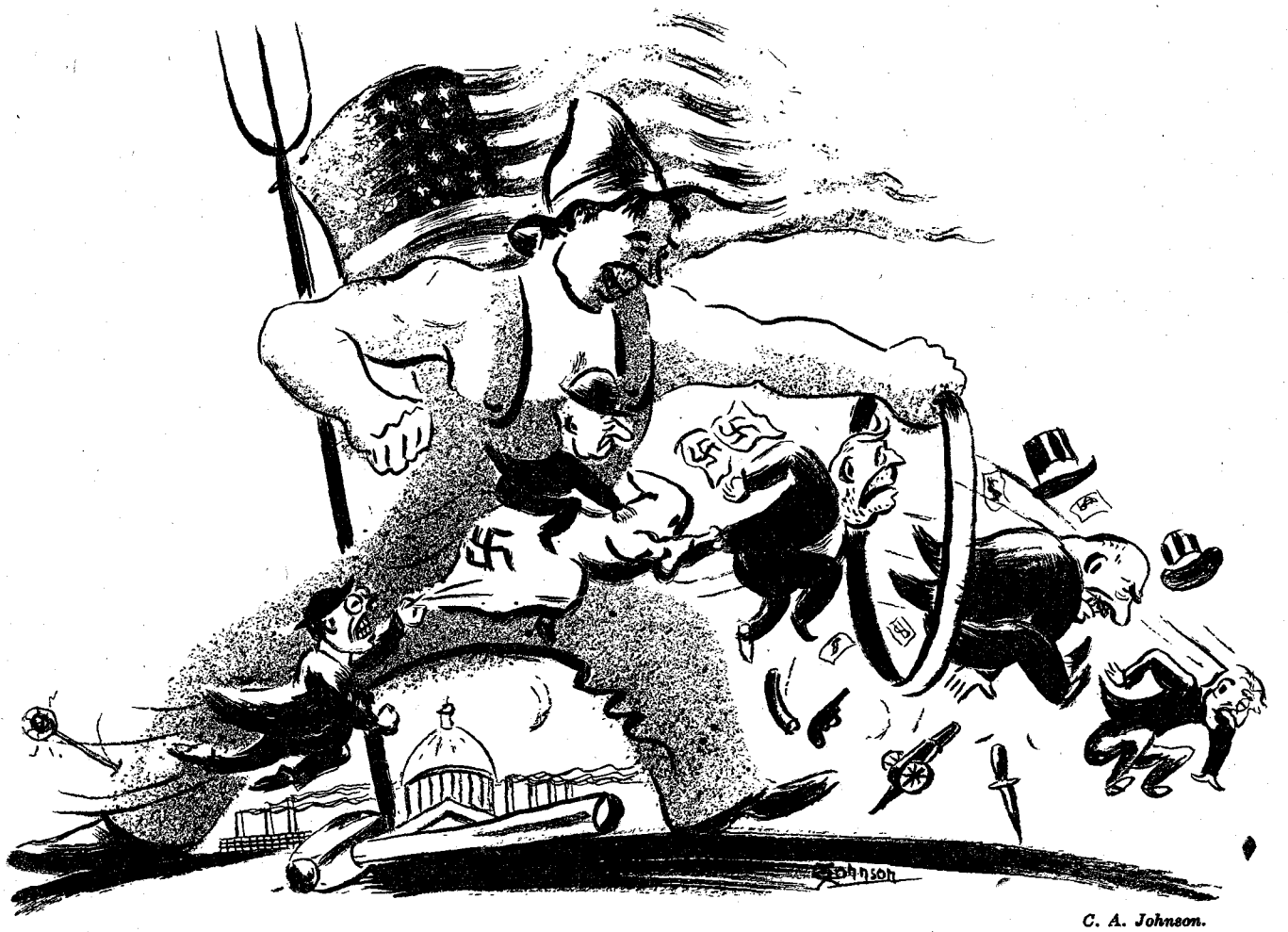
The Jesuits have adopted the identical demagogy that fascists the world over have been using for more than a decade and which preceded the "corporative state" of Mussolini and the Nazi regime in Germany. The classical approach is first to make faces at the "interests"—call them, as Father McDonald did, immoral Jews, greedy bankers, a selfish minority. Then advocate a "revised" capitalism, a capitalism which will work for the good of all. What it amounts to is fascism, with its oppression, its terror, its drive toward war—a state which after the "peaceful revolution" is run by the same selfish interests which the "corporative system" supposedly eliminates but actually reinforces.

That is the Jesuit program. While Catholic workers fight side by side in Germany with Protestants, Jews, all other creeds against the cruelty of fascism, the Jesuits would institute such a rule here—a rule that would crush the Catholic worker along with all other workers. While the Catholic masses of Italy are forced into war, the Jesuits advocate a similar "corporative state" for this country. The Jesuits, advance guard of the Catholic hierarchy, defend the decaying capitalist system—in direct opposition to the needs of the majority of Catholics.

Father Lord ends his pamphlet on the Jesuits:

> I, the happy Jesuit, one of the happy thousands of Jesuits, lay aside for the moment my emptied pen and reach with a sigh for the neglected detective story. I take my fiction, you see, straight.

And he gives it straight, too, in the Red-baiting campaign of The Queen's Work; in the anti-labor play, *Storm-Tossed;* in the program for the "Corporative State" which he supports; in the deliberate *lies* which the Jesuits are attempting to cram down the throats of the Catholic people and anyone else they can corner. Father Lord, Jesuit propagandist, with the entire force and wealth and power of the Society of Jesus, is attempting to foist fascism upon the American people.



C. A. Johnson.

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"Those Dumb Hunkies"

KEITH SWARD

If they don't like it here, why don't they go back where they came from?...

A HANDSOME, middle-aged Italian digging coal up in the Allegheny Valley. In evening clothes this coal miner would pass for a distinguished Italian diplomat. His voice was rich and mellow once. He talks in hoarse whispers now. He has miner's asthma. Eight years ago he was out on strike. He wasn't naturalized. A boss took him aside. "Joe, you got your papers, your citizenship papers? No? Well, you better keep your mouth shut or we'll deport yah. Get it?" This Hunkie put one son through college. He's eating his heart out because his daughter can't go to college to be a French teacher. She has the highest grades in her high school class.

On the same patch a native-born miner is describing coal-baron law. "We're not American citizens," he says, "we're just coal miners." Sucking an empty pipe, a giant, sad-looking Serb sums up his America. He lives in a bleak, filthy hollow along Scott's Run. He fought with the A.E.F. in the World War. "Why for nineteen-a-seventeen dey say 'All nation*ale*, come on!'—Hungarie, Rush', no makes any differ*ence*. Now all dey say is 'Hunkie, go back!'" This bitter immigrant has two brilliant young sons. He makes $65 a month.

It was 1927. The coal barons were exterminating the United Mine Workers. A picket line was thrown around the Margaret 4 which lies back in the hills along the Allegheny River. Frank Tinto was late for picket duty. Frank Tinto, swarthy, squat, clear-eyed Italian, fifteen years a citizen, twenty years a Pennsylvania coal miner. He'd catch hell if he stepped on to a patch or on to company ground around the shaft. He'd stick to the highway. By God, that was his affair.

Tinto was passing the super's house up on the hill. The super's house was made of brick. It had a lawn and trees. The state police were quartered there. They kept their horses in the super's stable. Frank was thinkin' what he'd like to say to that old bastard up there. Just as he thought the dirtiest stuff that came to his mind, he heard the sharp clatter of a horse in full gallop. From behind the super's house, a state cop charged down on the public road.

"Hey, where's your badge?" the trooper bellowed. He rapped Tinto on the shoulder with his riot stick.

"What badge?"

The strikers were wearing John L. Lewis buttons. Tinto had left his at home.

"Badge? I don't need no badge. I'm goin' up t' the farm t' pick a few berries."

"Don't need a badge, huh. Well run, you sonofabitch, 'n' keep going!"

Tinto was fifty feet away before the trooper caught him. Riding low and to the side the coal-and-iron policeman lifted his riot stick back and over his head. He brought the stick down with crunching force. It struck Tinto in the back between the shoulder blades.

Tinto stayed on his feet. He cut off the road at an angle. He reached a twenty-foot ditch. His muscles locked for the jump. A second blow caught him in the air. The riot stick landed just above the pelvis. It made a dull splitting sound. It cracked four ribs. Tinto flopped in the ditch face down. He lay quiet for a minute.

"Get up, you goddamned Hunkie!" The trooper pulled his gun.

Writhing, half-conscious, Frank Tinto got to his feet.

"Run, you sonofabitch, as fast as yer Hunkie feet'll take yah 'r I'll shoot!"

Tinto scrambled over the embankment. He hit out across the field.

THE Hunkies who dig coal in Pennsylvania are mostly Slovaks, Poles, Italians. They were recruited on the other side. Their steamship tickets were bought by promoters and land agents. Hear the corporation agents whoop it up in The Railway World for 1904. "The manufacturing plants are crying in their distress for immigrant labor." Our acres are "as rich as those on the Nile." "We are pegging away, daily spreading the tidings to the four quarters of the globe." "We have agents at the present time in Switzerland. . . ."

Ticket agents of the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American tempted the Hunkies with fables. They peddled fantastic pay sheets. Thirty dollars a day in Birmingham, Butte, Pittsburgh. "Get rich in three years and retire for the rest of your life...."

Immigrant traffic caused a rate-war between the railroad systems. Then between themselves the roads agreed to share the Hunkie fares between New York and Chicago in nine equal parts, between Chicago and St. Paul in six equal parts, between Chicago and St. Louis in eleven equal parts, Like a trade agreement for shipping oil.

It's outside agitators who stir up all the trouble, mostly foreign-born radicals.

INSULATED from the springs of opinion he tries so hard to poison, Hearst would get the shock of his life in a Pennsylvania coal camp. A colored miner assures his black and white brothers that the Red scare is hot air. "Dey is accusin' us o' anarchery. It don't mean nuthin', brothas, I's tellin' yah." A bull-chested young Slav gets up in meeting. He was blacklisted for helping to revive the union in 1933. "Why, men, I'm not afraid to call myself a Communist and I don't even know what the word means." With a wry sneer on his face, another U. S. Steel miner dismisses the Liberty League contemptuously. "If half the things they're handin' yah was true, you boys'd be sittin' on top o' the Statchoo o' Liberty. I don't want to catch none of you boys steppin' on one o' them Hearst sheets."

Far from a foreign transplant, unionism is the American miner's religion. It dates back two generations. It is as deep as self-preservation and the human struggle for freedom. Racketeering at the top, legal hamstringing, obstruction by company agents—to be sure—but unionism at the bottom is the unquenchable thirst for social justice. Coal miners give company unions the horse laugh. "You know what them company unions is like? I know. I worked in the steel mill over at Ambridge. The men ask the bosses, 'How's the lavatory workin'?' 'How's chances for a picnic a week from Saturday?'" Last spring the pit boss at a Pittsburgh mine went to work on a day man who was leading the union's fight to make the company live up to its contract. "Say, Pete, you're a strong union man, aren't yah?" the boss asked. "Sure. Whatcha askin' me that for? You know that 'thout askin'." "Well," the boss warned him, "I thought you oughta know that if you're not careful, somebody's goin' to kick your teeth out." The miner's face was grim. "It takes two to let that happen."

The Liberty Leaguers are premature if they holler wolf over the imminence of revolution in the coal camps. A twenty-three-year-old Italian boy is wasting away in a company town near Pittsburgh. His father and his grandfather were hounded because they were union men. The boy has ability. "I've asked for a job down at the shaft so many times, I get sick at the thought of it. God, they got you, that's all there is to it. You guys in the union can't win. This reform crap is bounta lose. It's like playing fiddle in a band." A game Italian mother in the same town is squeezing a relief check to keep four children decently clothed. Her husband is a chronic drunkard. He was crippled in the mine. This little Hunkie mother is a misanthrope. "I don't trust *nobuddy* no more," she says sadly. "Not ewan mysel'. Ever'where I put my foot—just rotten eggs."

Like the seepage of water through a cracking dam, American class-consciousness is trickling into the minds of Pennsylvania miners. Blacklisted during the '27 strike, a

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gigantic Slovenian is now a small-time farmer-bootlegger. Waiting for posts or cars in the mine, he used to read by the carbon lamp on his cap. He went into the pits when he was ten. "It's like this," he explains. "It's like threads of a sack. They're all there but they're scattered. Some here, some there. Enough to make a whole sack, but they keep 'em apart. . . . "

Joe Rusky was clamped in jail in Pittsburgh during the '27 strike. When they arrested him for peaceful picketing, he recognized one of the extra company deputies as a war buddy he'd served with in France. Rusky tracked down this war buddy of his. "Remember what you say, John, in France to me? You never 'gain take gun for flag. Now you take gun for mout'. Your mout' and my mout'. Jesus, John!"

A lot of these foreigners are perfectly satisfied with what they've got. They wouldn't know what to do with things if they had them. I know a mine where they installed bathtubs and the miners stored coal in them. . . .

SMOLDERING, stinking slate dumps that wither grass and trees and coat the company houses with grime and eat the heads of nails so that the boards on houses near the gob pile start peeling off like fish scales. Pasteboard shanties without toilets, bathtubs, cellars. Faded wallpaper. Cracking plaster. No trees. No grass. The miserable company houses packed together tight. The 600 Row. The 700 Row. The hideously regimented coal town. Filthy, slattern, cheap. Inhabited by human beings who are chained to the world's dirtiest and most dangerous jobs. We say—for we have sensibilities—"Well, most of them don't really mind it. A lot of them prefer to live that way."

"Five-fifty they give us on the new contract?" The Irishman who is president of his local in Westmoreland County heard Mary Van Kleeck lecture on America's capacity to produce. "Five-fifty, that's wonderful! That's when you work, if you got a job. It's how you look at it. Who's goin' to hold down the cost o' livin'? The damn loaf went up 20 to 30 percent the day after we got our raise. The sweat of your brow? Boys, we minin' men oughta be gettin' $15 a day."

A watery-eyed barrel-chested Russian at fifty-eight is still swinging a pick in a Frick mine. He walks around the kitchen in his bare feet. "Forty year I work in mine. What for, me ask? Me old. Work he no come so easy. Dey say 'Dat's all. You finish.' I got nutting. I save fi' t'ousan'dohlar. Six year 'go, buy farm. No can pay tax. Fi'teen year I work farm Polan'. Me know farm. No sell any*ting*. Come back mine. Soon dey quit me. . . . Worker he cold-feeted. Someday open eye. Den tings feex oop queeck. Maybe tamarrha."

The American miner averaged $806 last year. He wallows in debt. American advertisers and high-pressure salesmen sold these people Fords and radios, cheap parlor suites and Frigidaires—on the installment. Then the beneficiaries of mass consumption—the boys on top—proclaim that "these foreign-born workers are never satisfied—they don't save. That's their trouble." The Hunkies in the mines make pitiful attempts to be American. They change a name like Michelina to Mildred. The old Americans who've forgotten what Americanism means are maligning the new Americans because they want to be Americans. Red herrings like "dumb Hunkie" are dragged across the path.

The American miner! He uses pure American speech. His rugged vocabulary is not stuffed with sawdust yet by American institutions—the press, the movie, the patter of the schoolroom. There are more nightly forums in the coal fields than in any other industrial communities in the country. Three men, four men, sitting over a bottle of beer . . . arguing, groping, clarifying themselves. We answer the miner's fight for civil liberties and a decent standard of living, we label his shrewdness, we dismiss his clean vigorous speech, by calling him an un-American Hunkie. We ring down the curtain on the farce by mouthing "If they don't like it here, why don't they go back where they came from. . . ."

Death and Profits

SEYMOUR WALDMAN

THE government of the United States is preparing for war. To prepare for war it must prepare to "take care" of people opposed to war—it must suppress civil rights. But the experience of the last war compels it to do more than this: the government must influence the people to accept war before war is actually begun.

The difficulty here is that the people are unwilling to fight unless they believe their national interests are menaced. The World War taught them that the bankers and the big industrialists made millions while the majority of the population suffered misery. Therefore the most important job facing the dominant class is to convince the people that in the next war the bankers will not make super-profits at the expense of everyone else.

Three major attempts have been made at propaganda in this direction. The Hoover administration created the War Policies Commission. Roosevelt has appointed a special "Take the Profit Out of War" commission. And thirdly, there is the Nye Senate Munitions Committee.

These attempts necessarily had to carry out two basic purposes: one demagogic, the other practical. The first, to lull the well-founded aversion of the people to war. The second was to increase the efficiency of war preparations.

The Nye Senate Munitions Committee exposed the personal roles secretly played by partners of J. P. Morgan & Co. and the saintly Woodrow Wilson in forcing this country into the World War. This made an important, timely contribution to the anti-war movement. But even this committee—in which Senators Nye and Clark are a majority—is working for the basic class interests of the war planners. It is preparing a legislative foundation for the protection and perpetuation of wartime corporation profits.

The Munitions C[illegible] offers the American people an a[illegible] utopian proposal to limit by tax[illegible] dividual net profits in wartime to $[illegible] year. This in spite of the Comm[illegible]wn evidence of the impossibility of [illegible]ng war incomes. The Committee [illegible] to take 50 percent of the first 6 pe[illegible]ofits of corporations, and 100 perc[illegible] all that is excess profits." Excess [illegible]as the evidence presented to the Committee demonstrated, means that the corporations, by complicated accounting methods, outright lying and other unscrupulous means, decide how much the "excess" shall be. But even if this plan were practical, the result would be merely to make war less expensive and more efficient; it would tend to protect the war industrialists and financiers from the just wrath of a war-hating people.

What does the Senate Munitions Committee think of "taking the profit out of war?"

Its report *To Prevent Profiteering in War* leaves no room for misunderstanding.

> The committee believes that taking the profits out of war is an incident to a much more comprehensive and important purpose, namely, to provide means of paying for the war out of current revenues rather than through borrowing, thus avoiding the inflation due to war borrowing with all of its evil consequences, including great war profits. . . . It should be kept in mind that the object of this bill [the committee's tax bill] is not primarily to limit profits but to collect during the war by means of taxation enough taxes to pay the costs of the war and thus prevent the inflation by doing away with borrowing and the

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LANDSCAPE

Lithograph by Jack Markow

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immense increase in the cost of the war which results from the inflation. . . .

In brief, the Senate Munitions Committee is concerned with working out a tax plan to "pay for a war in progress." The Committee believes "that it is not practical to pay for a war in progress with taxes which are not paid until the year following the year in which the taxable income is earned —after, perhaps, the war is over."

The millionaire occupant of a comfortable seat near the window of the influential Union League Club need not fear the war-time plans of the Nye Senate Munitions Committee. For though the object of the Committee's war taxation plan upon personal incomes "is the prevention of the existence of any income, during a war year, over and above all taxation of over $10,000 a year,"

this does not mean that no person may receive a larger salary than $10,000 a year or even retain a larger income than $10,000. The usual allowances for the payment of interest and taxes are continued, together with most of the existing reasonable and just allowances for dependents, wife, losses, charities, etc. The taxpayer may actually be allowed to employ for his own purposes an income very much larger than $10,000.

Even more significantly, the Committee calls attention to the fact that its corporation tax plan "will limit the amount which corporations will be permitted to distribute to their stockholders," but *"it does not limit the profits which corporations may make."*

To any who may still be skeptical, the Senate Munitions Committee argues that its war tax program *"is not a plan to do away with the profit system . . ."*

The plan of the Senate committee is to leave the present system undisturbed as far as possible, to permit corporations to continue to operate within the frame work of their own charters and the frame work of the capitalist system, owned by their own stockholders and managed by their own executives. The bill specifically provides that there shall be no interference by the Army in the internal management of the enterprises affected even by the industrial draft. They will be permitted to make their profits in the normal way, subject to the limits imposed by price-fixing and taxation. They will be permitted to retain a measure of their profits. What is taken, is taken not to punish industry, but to enable the government to pay for the war.

In its Taxation report, the Committee emphasizes that the problem is "deeper and wider" than the mere regulation of war profits. It is, frankly, the problem of working out a scheme to minimize war profits by paying for war while the war is being waged *so that the economic and political system which produces war profits will be preserved.*

. . . The essential problem involves much more than profits. It means nothing less than protecting the nation from a vast economic disturbance at a moment when her energies are being strained in the prosecution of a war.

Thus we see that one of the main objectives of the Senate Munitions Committee is to regulate war profits so that substantial profits will be made without risking interference with waging the war by what the Committee calls "the problem of morale." To put it another way, the Committee wishes to enact legislative insurance against the people's resentment against war and their consequent awakening.

The Committee declares in its *To Prevent Profiteering in War* report:

In themselves war profits are to be condemned. They are a social injustice and they tend to the concentration of wealth after the war is over. Their existence makes it completely impossible to deal with the other phases of the war disturbance which involve labor, farmers, and others. In a long war they would have a profound influence on the morale of the soldier in the field and the whole population at home. It was the peculiar good fortune of America that the Great War lasted for but a brief period after we entered it— but nineteen months. Had it been prolonged the drain upon the economic resources of America would have been appalling. In addition to her own gigantic burdens, she would have been compelled to assume the whole financial burden of her allies. Had the war lasted two years longer the strain upon the population would have been enormous. The nation would have faced the problem of morale. Have we thought what would have been the result if statesmen were called upon to face a disturbed and dispirited population with demands for sacrifices while all about the people witnessed the most shocking spectacle of profit-hunting? As it was, it was perhaps fortunate that at the time they did not know the full extent to which they were being exploited by acquisitive business men in both the war and peacetime industries.

WHAT the sincere opponent of war means by "taking the profit out of war" is something very different from what the industrialist, financier and Republican and Democratic politicians mean when they use the same slogan. The worker in the factory, the agricultural laborer and the poor farmer, the teacher, and the student literally want to take the profit out of war. But the du Ponts, Raskobs, Morgans, Rockefellers, Baruchs, Johnsons, and MacArthurs want to prevent this. They approach this matter the way the du Ponts, the late R. S. Brookings, multimillionaire manufacturer and member of the War Industries Board, and Judge Gary, head of the U.S. Steel Corporation, did during the World War — by "justifying" big war profits. The findings of the Nye Committee's *Preliminary Report on Wartime Taxation and Price Control* tell how it was done:

During the World War the copper industry simply refused to produce at even the liberal prices first proposed by the government. The steel industry similarly refused to fill government orders until prices had been stabilized at levels satisfactory to the industry. Judge Gary, representing the steel industry, told the Price Fixing Committee that "manufacturers must have reasonable profits in order to do their duty." The du Pont Co. refused to build a great powder plant which it alone was qualified to build until it was assured of what it considered sufficient profits. Mr. Pierre du Pont wrote that "We cannot assent to allowing our own patriotism to interfere with our duties as trustees. . . . " During the last war the interests of the administrative officials were definitely close to the interests of the regulated industries. Mr. Brookings told the nickel industry: "We are more in the attitude of justifying them if we can. That is the way we approach these things."

Pierre du Pont followed the example set by Mr. Brookings and Judge Gary. Pierre du Pont is one of the heads of the tremendous ammunition, textile, newspaper, chemical and general industrial firm bearing his name. He is representative of the powerful figures behind the banking, manufacturing and Chamber-of-Commerce groups now directing profitable War Department industrial mobilization activities in preparation for the next war. And this admitted war profiteer is the man who offers himself, his family partners and financial associates as guardians of the constitutional liberties.

A glance at the list of the members of the Executive Committee of the Liberty League has long shown it to be the center of reaction in the United States. The names of leading American munitions makers, bankers, corporation lawyers, open shop industrialists, Wall Street promoters of fascist marches on Washington, Democratic and Republican politicians, governors, and ex-Cabinet members still in the service of the ruling financiers stand out as the generals of the Liberty League. They stamp this brazenly named outfit as one whose road is the road to war, as one whose weapons are the weapons of the fascist.

Does it follow, then, that the American people should support the Roosevelt Administration because the latter is under heavy fire from the Liberty League? The fact is that Roosevelt, who has given American imperialism and big business the greatest peace-time war machine in our history retreats consistently under this attack.

Record war preparations expenditures, the coordination of government strike-breaking agencies, the institution of the W.P.A. semi-starvation wage, and other acts inimical to the interests of the American people indicate that, fundamentally, the Roosevelt program does not differ from the class interests of the Liberty League.

The vital factor in the situation surrounding the question of war or peace is that under this barrage of argument over the motives of dead men, of superficial indictment, of attempts to stymie the Senate investigation, of empty rhetoric—under this barrage *Liberty Leaguers and the White House, the du Ponts, the Morgans and the Rockefellers, the Senate and the House, Democrats and Republicans are perfecting a gigantic industrial-military machine which threatens the welfare, lives and liberty of the American people.*

A broad Farmer-Labor party in the immediate future will be able to stop the progress of this machine. Only such a party, a party of the small farmers, the shop and factory workers, the students, teachers, professionals, and intellectuals, will be in a position to wage a decisive fight for the protection of the trade union and constitutional rights of the people. Such a party alone could wage a real fight against war.

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Negro History:
A Sonnet Sequence

On the Slave Ship

We must not pray that death which now has passed
Too many times for fear will sleep again,
Or swim to other galleys till the last
Black exile dies or smites these pallid men.
Oh tears that fall like splinters from the stars
We would dry up your source, for salty tears
Will never wear away these iron bars
Or drown the ominous pounding of our fears.
Oh groaning men whose bodies sweat in pain,
Oh women with your infants on your breasts
Who chant your agonizing songs, the rain
Will come and wash these rancid nests,
The rain will come, be silent, we must wait
For time to change the destinies of fate.

Past and Future

"You must not damn the future or the past;
That death will come in season and delay
The disillusion of this life (the last
Slow breath will come to cleanse the clay)
You know, yet knowing beat your dusky wings
And curse the men who made your blackness pain,
And chant your agonizing hymn that brings
An ointment in its notes to wash your stain."
This worshipper of dying is like a breath
Of hopeless resignation at the end
Of flaming autumn—forecasting death,
Blotting out the hope that we will mend
The patches of these transitory years
With swords, with hate, in spite of frequent tears.

Post Emancipation

Rescind the hope that we may walk again
Without the heavy chains of servitude
That bind our flesh to soil and heartless men
Who mould our lives to fit each fickle mood.
Rescind the hope although it was decreed
That freedom would be ours to wear and keep
For centuries, aye, for eons till the seed
Of freedom died or earth was rocked to sleep.
The parchment that declared that we were free
Is now collecting dust in some dark spot,
Despite the promise and the certainty
We thought its words would give, but gave them not.
Distrust all words that echo to the stars
When earth is bound with unrelenting bars.

Harlem

Harlem—deep, dark flower of the west
With girls for hollow stamens ribbed with joys,
Reject the easy sun, be wary lest
It shrivel up the pollen of your boys.
Together you must grow your flower anew,
Not asking whose the gain or whose the gold;
Together you must silence winds that blew
Your fragrant copper petals to be sold
And not for beauty's dress or beauty's walls.
Remember that the ex-ray of the years
Reveals the rotting of the shallow halls
Within the petal's veins, reveals the fears
The copper petals must be conscious of
If they would hold their life. Grow strong or starve.

OWEN DODSON.

Sailor's Ballad of Mooney

Somebody told me this one day:
Tom Mooney has no time to play,
He peels the carrots and shells the peas,
Tom Mooney has no time for ease.

What shall I, free and jake,
Be doing for Tom Mooney's sake?
I eat carrots, but seldom peas,
And sail the twenty or thirty seas.

Coming into Frisco bay
If you see across the way
The towers of San Rafael's prison
Shine, Tom Mooney has arisen.

In slave's white coat, with knife well-guarded
Tom Mooney's soul and body are warded.
Not so far away in a garden
Bayonets guard the sleeping warden.

They carried him over his mother, Mary,
A thousand men did slowly carry
The old dead woman of Mooney's race;
They would not let him see her face.

The warden wards him from his garden,
Governors all refuse him pardon;
The lion sleeps in his iron cage,
While over him creeps the white of age.

The brave old lion sleeps in his cage,
He does not steam and he does not rage;
Sometimes at dawn with his nerves all strung
He hears a luckless fellow hung.

Sometimes at the changing of the guard
You see a man in the prison yard;
His hair is white and his coat is white,
But his head is up as a man of right.

He knows that over the walls there stand
Young and old men in the land,
And seagoing men like you and me
Waiting the hour to set him free.

His hair is white and his hands are scarred
But he has tempered his mind as hard
As the iron bolts that line his cage,
And Mooney will never know his age.

For somebody told me this, my son,
Of all men living there is not one,
Shut or loosed, barred or free,
As sure of the coming day as he.

Then what shall we, free and awake,
Be doing for Tom Mooney's sake?
In from the voyage one of these days,
We'll strike the harbor, shut the bays.

We'll seal up San Francisco's port,
And send word over to Quentin's fort;
"Nobody leaves this goddam bay,
Unless Tom Mooney leads the way!"

JOHN MALTA.

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Our Readers' Forum

We have received over 500 protests from readers of THE NEW MASSES *in response to the article by Seymour Waldman, "Smash the Sedition Bills!" in our March 24 issue. An introductory editorial note, emphasizing the dangers of these two bills now before Congress, explained that the Tydings-McCormack bill would make it a crime to criticize militarism, that the Russell-Kramer bill (under the guise of legislating against Communism) would prevent anyone from expressing any opinion distasteful to America's fascists. The protests received from our readers will be forwarded to Washington, but many more are necessary to block the sedition bills. Readers are hereby urged immediately to send their protests. The following excerpts are representative of the protests received.*—THE EDITORS.

From a U. S. Sailor

I protest against the Tydings-McCormack and Russell-Kramer anti-sedition bills. They are unconstitutional, reactionary and utterly in disharmony with the concepts of the freedom of speech. Speaking from the viewpoint of a trained specialist in warfare, there is sufficient restriction to military men at present without resorting to fascist doctrines.

First Class Seaman, U. S. Navy.

"Old American Family"

The militaristic implications behind these bills are obvious, the anti-labor attitude apparent. These bills must not be passed. As a member of an old American family, and a strong believer in the freedom of the American people, I protest.

New York City. RUTH DE C. SEWARD.

"Work for Their Defeat"

I am an American citizen by birth going back for five generations, and assure you that I will work for the defeat of all Representatives and Senators who support either of these bills from my district.

Chicago, Ill. JOSEPH P. CORRY.

"No Stronger Self-Indictment"

No stronger self-indictment could be made than is shown in either of these bills . . . it is plain that the people's "representatives" acknowledge their cessation of honest representation. This from me can be termed neither subversive nor un-American. I am descended on one side from Daniel Boone and on the other from a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Stockton.

New York City. STOCKTON HELFFRICH.

"Direct Insults"

As an American descended from generations of Americans I protest vehemently against these bills both of which are direct insults to all that we have ever understood as Americanism.

Daytona Beach, Fla. ISABEL F. LEWIS.

Unqualified Protest

I wish to go on record with whatever means you use in your drive against these bills. I protest against both of them with all the revolutionary tradition there is in my blood, and I will not vote for any Congressmen favoring the passage of these bills. RUBYE I. KURTZ.

San Francisco, Cal.

From the Deep South

The objections to these bills are too obvious to the American mind to squander words or indignation. . . . Please forward my protest to Washington.

MRS. MILTON WORSHAM.

Fairhope, Alabama.

"Whose Ancestors Antedate 1776"

I wish I could shout very, very loud so that the gentlemen from Ohio would be compelled to listen to one American whose ancestors antedate the American Revolution. I don't want legislation like this, and neither does any honest, hard-working, democratic American. Gentlemen of the Left, I offer you *my staunchest support in the battle against* the passage of this rotten, anti-labor legislation.

KATHERINE E. BOONE.

P. S. My sister and various friends have asked me to mention their names in regard to the above. [Follows a list of nine people.—THE EDITORS.]

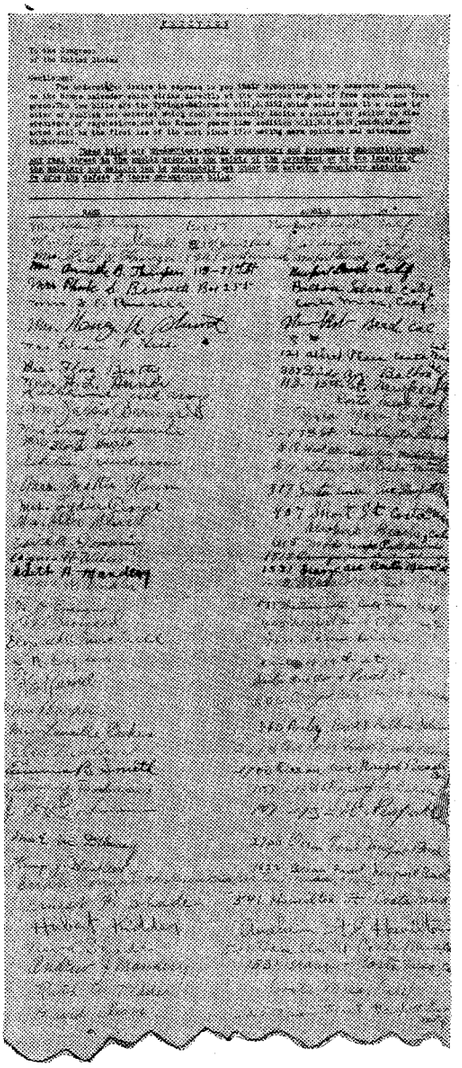
Cleveland, Ohio. K. E. B.

"Bred on Nebraska Plains"

As a descendant of a grandfather who fought for years through the Civil War, receiving almost a mortal wound at Shiloh, as a World War veteran myself; as a member of a family who for centuries have been known for their love of justice (Flood and Robinson), I protest against the Tydings-McCormack and Russell-Kramer bills.

. . . Born and bred on the plains of Nebraska, you can't expect me . . . to tolerate such loss of my fundamental rights. MILFORD J. FLOOD.

Kearney, Neb.



Reproduction of the first page of a petition of protest addressed to Congress and signed by 155 residents of Los Angeles and vicinity.

"Yours in the Fight . . . "

Congratulations on your campaign against these bills. Yours in the fight against war and fascism.

MILTON SOFFER.

U. of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.

Protest from Indiana

I protest against these bills which in their very nature remove these fundamental rights in a democratic state. MARIAN E. HERRICK.

Warsaw, Indiana.

"Congressmen Have More Sense"

We won't let it happen here. Although I think our Congressmen have more sense than to go on record as favoring either of these nefarious bills, please add my name to the protest to smash these buds of fascism. PAUL R. CHERNEY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

"We, As Citizens of Milwaukee . . . "

We as citizens of Milwaukee protest . . . we feel that such bills would crush free speech and therefore be unconstitutional and inhibit progress in intelligent, popular government.

Milwaukee, Wis. RICHARD S. PATCH.

Respectable Subversive Elements

That such bills should even come up before Congress proves that there are "respectable" subversive elements politically prominent.

Detroit, Mich. FRANK ALEXANDER.

From a Massachusetts Town

I object strongly to the passage of these bills . . . attempts to restrict the freedom of speech guaranteed by the Constitution. Senators and Congressmen swore to abide by the Constitution. Do it!

Williamstown, Mass. ROBERT WALLACH.

Eighty Members Protest

At our membership meeting held April 25, the following resolution was passed unanimously: "We, eighty members of Lodge 799 of the International Workers Order, express our opposition to the Tydings-McCormack and the Russell-Kramer bills . . . which are unAmerican, undemocratic . . . and an intended suppression of our Bill of Rights."

Brooklyn, N. Y. A. SIEGEL, *Secretary*.

From the U.S.S. New Mexico

I protest against the Russell-Kramer and Tydings-McCormack bills, obviously designed for fascist, reactionary purposes. X——.

San Pedro, Cal.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

"Neither Forward nor Back"

BEING in the midst of the Webb book when I read the first two of Edmund Wilson's articles on the Soviet Union, in The New Republic, I was impressed less by the differences in the conclusions than by the differences in the approach.

The Webbs gave three years of intensive, systematic study to what they call *Soviet Communism* and, inside a question mark that shrinks until it finally disappears, *A New Civilization.* They assumed that there were two types of evidence—that immediately presented to the senses, and that to be found by a study of institutions and their social effects, and of organized social relationships, both between men and men, and between men and the material structure they have put together for civilized living. It may be that the Webbs were deficient in their response to the first type of evidence though, certainly, a palpable sensory image of Soviet civilization emerges from their pages. Nevertheless, in that respect, their work is not as complete as, for instance, Doughty's *Travels In Arabia Deserta,* which may be taken as the model of a book in which sensibility and study are fused.

Edmund Wilson spent a few months in the Soviet Union and limited his study to what he could see and hear. It does not appear that even in the field of direct interest to him, literature, the second type of evidence interested him at all. He does not seem to have examined the voluminous available statistics that would have supported his impression of the immense popular interest in literature and the extraordinary range of its distribution.

By the very nature of personal impressions attention is drawn to the person rather than his subject. In scientific inquiry, on the other hand, it may take psychological trailing to reach back to the person. The Webbs use personal pronouns freely and open their book with a very personal preface; nevertheless the reader is scarcely conscious of them and is immersed in Soviet life. In Wilson's articles we are continually aware of Wilson reacting to Soviet life. I am reminded of a very readable book, of which almost biennial new editions used to be printed, Kinglake's *Eothen,* describing an adventurous journey in the Near East, where entire races became Kinglake's stooges, and the different lands became settings for his lively personality. Wilson's writing is of a different order, but the personal reaction is, implicitly, his highest authority.

Now an enormous, new society that, more than any other in the history of humanity, expresses itself institutionally and conducts itself by plan, must be studied by plan. Personal impressions of Soviet life, no matter whose, have always sounded tentative. It is characteristic that the talk in New York literary circles about Wilson's articles centers not around the points raised but merely that Wilson didn't find Soviet Russia so hot.

There are a number of elements in Wilson's impressions that stand out. One is his repressed tone. Wilson has always been an aloof and restrained writer, rarely showing any enthusiasm. In his contact with the revolutionary movement he seems to have consciously checked himself, as if the fear of being stampeded were always in his mind. Unenthusiasm seems to be part of the special sensitiveness to social dissolution to which he is attuned and which has been his chief subject matter. All his writing, as a consequence, has had a stoic, end-of-the-epoch tone. It is clear, however, that he has remained, rather more than less, emotionally a part of the dissolving order. The realization of its imminent end was a tragedy to him and his reconciliation to that ending was never complete. I find in the first article this significant passage:

> The whole world is stalled. Capitalism runs down; Communism makes little progress. The nations and classes wait. We go neither forward nor back, we hardly know which way we are facing.

This is sheer autobiography. It is Edmund Wilson who waits, who goes neither forward nor back, who does not know which way he is facing. By intellectual choice he is a friend and advocate of the revolutionary movement, but he has not been able to release his will to it.

The Webbs, on the other hand, investigating as scientists and examining their other and abundant evidence, have another report to make. Their report has a special importance; and they were peculiarly well equipped to make it. First, as Socialists, the end of the old order has been taken for granted by them, all their lives. It does not fill them with awe and nostalgia and they can look at the displacing society without haunted reservations. Although, as leaders of the Second International, they have fought Communism, nevertheless as Socialists and as scientists they can examine the new society with unhesitating eyes. Therefore they can see the drive *forward,* the facing *forward,* the remaking of man *gaining momentum.*

Sometimes Wilson's comments are almost fantastically meaningless. He observes,

> a green-eyed kind that wouldn't be gentle. I saw a girl in a street car whose green eyes gave to her prettiness and plumpness a kind of emerald sharpness, a new kind of beauty I had never seen; and then, in another street car, a boy with the same kind of eyes, very thin, at once wolfish and fascinating; he was staring as if he saw something the rest of us didn't see, as animals do when they hear or smell—or rather, perhaps, as if he saw what we saw with far more intensity than we saw it.

I don't know what the passage means. This sort of impressionism seems to me valueless without a context; perhaps Wilson had no other service for it than to record a random impression; but in its present context it has a portentous sound. The two first comments I heard on it differed widely; one, that this mystical, green-eyed type was being offered as the surviving Savage in Russian society, the other as the surviving Individualist. It is a piece of symbolism to which some other Edmund Wilson, perhaps, will have to furnish the clues.

Another element clearly discernible in this complex of personal impressions is Wilson's discomfort among and distrust of the masses. He seems to watch them from a distance, and to learn what he learns from individuals, and from them as private individuals. The distrust is given, in explicit terms, in the following: "That the Soviet machine" (the wording is significant) "has a more rational base and a nobler aim than American business does not always make the situation easier—and after all the conditions of a democracy with *their tendency to lower cultural standards* [my italics] present the same kind of problems to both." Here Wilson repeats the libel upon the masses that has for a long time been a capitalist maxim used to justify special types of exploitation. To Barnum gulling the public, men are suckers; to the owners of the printing presses, who reach their customers by the literary "easiest way" men are morons; but the forward-looking minds of humanity have never had this concept of men. Among the founders of socialism, philistinism has always been accurately located among the bourgeoisie.

Along with this goes Wilson's enduring suspicion of Communist repression of intellectual freedom which is usually conceived as the retaliation of the inferior upon the superior. It is not outrightly expressed, but is one of the overtones in the articles. He reports a conversation, for instance

> As we were standing in the restaurant waiting for a place, a dark man who was eating alone invited us to sit down at his table. My companion and I carried on in English a long conversation about literature, which it seemed to us the dark man was following. And it seemed to me that my Russian friend was displaying in our discussion of Joyce a somewhat narrower variety of Marxism than he might perhaps have insisted on if there had been no unknown person present. The stranger, as he got on with his wine, began

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Jews in America

by the Editors of FORTUNE

The Nazis have charged—partly as an excuse for their own terroristic regime—that even in America the Jews tend to dominate politics, industry, banking and the professions. The Editors of *Fortune* set out to discover the *facts*—and here they are. It will be read and widely quoted by everyone who wants to answer, authoritatively, the anti-Jewish canard. An appendix lists and describes 20 Anti-Semitic organizations in the U. S. $1.00.

Bury the Dead

by IRWIN SHAW

To a world aghast at the imminence of another great war, this twenty-three-year-old author addresses a fiery protest in a one-act drama that is as original in its conception as it is stunning in its impact. "He stands in imminent danger of growing into one of the most powerful dramatists of this land and time. It is a long time since I have seen a large audience so moved, so hotly convulsed, so deeply shaken . . . Here is not only a strong and beautiful plea, but also a stunning and beautiful play." —GABRIEL, *N. Y. American*. $1.

Lenin

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

The story of his political life, told for Americans . . . LENIN is the first of a series of distinguished new biographies of leaders of the Russian revolution, to be published within the year, by the author of *These Russians* and *Made in Russia*. $1.50.

RANDOM HOUSE

20 EAST 57 STREET, N. Y. C.

smiling and chuckling to himself in such an eerie and disquieting manner that my companion addressed him in Russian. He turned out to be a Turkish business man.

A curious episode, but what is the inference?—that writers are still worried over dark Ogpu detectives shadowing them in cafés. In another place Wilson says: "Very amusing to reflect that the three living American writers most popular in the Soviet Union — Upton Sinclair, Dos Passos and Dreiser—are all people who have recently been in wrong with the literary Communists at home." Amusing to whom?—to an outsider of course. To those in the fight there is no amusement. But the reasons for the popularity in Russia of Dreiser, Dos Passos and Sinclair are the same as the reasons for their popularity among revolutionary readers in America. I can assure Mr. Wilson that the one book announced this season to which "the literary Communists" look forward with keenest anticipation is probably Dos Passos' new novel. Wilson knows and should have made it clear that in the case of Dreiser and Sinclair the issues were political. The quarrel with Dreiser has been over his expression of anti-semitic sentiments; with Upton Sinclair over his open support of the Democratic Party. Does Wilson think these things should have been smiled away? As for Dos Passos, it is news to me that the "literary Communists" have quarreled with him.

Wilson's nostalgia for the past at times seems to obsess him. The longest and most conclusive note in his second article, the one on "Soviet Letters," ends with a revelling in Elinor Wylie's accomplishments. It happens that, coming to a Russian friend's house, he finds a volume of Elinor Wylie's latest poems. The incident might have led him to comment upon the significance of finding such a book in the library of a Soviet citizen, dealing with it, in other words, in relation to Soviet life, not to his own; but instead we have another passage of autobiography; and the expression of personal preference becomes an oblique judgment upon a new civilization. Expressed in it is the old and never apparently completely exorcised bogy that the revolution will turn out to be a destroyer of culture. The presence of the book on a Moscow bookshelf might, in itself, be his answer; but it only serves him to renew his doubt. It becomes clear that he is more convinced of the losses the revolution will bring than of the gains. The Webbs come to a different conclusion. The passage on Elinor Wylie has almost the effect of caricature. It is almost as if Wilson were admitting, "I came to the Soviet Union and I found—Elinor Wylie."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

The Carrel Virus

MAN, THE UNKNOWN, by Alexis Carrel. Harper Bros. $3.50.

"THE more eminent the specialist, the more dangerous he is. Scientists who have strikingly distinguished themselves by great discoveries or useful inventions often come to believe that their knowledge of one subject extends to another."

Though Alexis Carrel observes the above in others, it does not occur to him that it also applies to himself. Such obtuseness is an illustration of the futility, if not pathology, of the mental processes which have produced an exceptionally dangerous book—*Man, the Unknown.*

Patients who keep ideas in "logic tight compartments" are usually examined in the clinic for other psychological blocks. In those cases which are not profoundly pathologic, it is discovered that the patient has a false, a childish, conception of himself which he seeks to nurture and to defend. To accomplish this the patient deliberately remains ignorant of those realms of knowledge which would disturb or disprove the ego's secret conception of itself; deliberately accepts notions and superstitions opposed to reality; and deliberately attempts to infect others with his diseased vision of what life is.

These psychological truisms do not explain the basic facts about Carrel. They do not explain the class structure of society into which he was born and in which the original error of his mind was engendered. But they do explain why, as a scientist, he is a sympathizer with the Royalist party in France, a snob, a dupe of the seance room, a proponent of mysticism, of religion, of an élite of the strong who will "control" the weak. Above all it explains why he wrote *Man, the Unknown.*

His expressed intention was to make "an intelligible synthesis of the data which we possess about ourselves," meaning, presumably, the data in all fields—physiology, biology, psychology, anthropology, sociology and the physical sciences.

His attempt to do this is dishonest. He himself is aware of this, and in his preface he inserts this piece of casuistry: "The necessity of compressing a large amount of information into a short space has important drawbacks. It gives a dogmatic appearance to propositions which are nothing but conclusions of observations and experiments. . . . Thus, descriptions of fact have been given the form of assertions." These sentences would not be casuistry did he preserve the same humility in the book itself. But the reader is not warned again; the purpose of the casuistry was achieved in a single allusion. It exempts him from the rebuke of the thoughtful, he has provided his answer to their charge of unwarranted declarations. However, there will be very few thoughtful readers of his book, and the great number of its purchasers, impressed by his institutional connections, will think he is being

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merely literary, for he concludes ". . . things that markedly differ appear grouped together . . . the sketch of a landscape should not be expected to contain all the details of a photograph."

Nor will the flattered readers in the owning class and their pathetic imitators of the middle classes be shocked by Carrel's ignorance of how people live and work. To these the following may even seem to be true: "The humblest employes live in dwellings better appointed than those of the rich of former times," are "well paid" to do "easy, monotonous work" in "large, well-lighted, clean" offices and factories, where "modern heating and refrigerating apparatuses raise the temperature during the winter and lower it during the summer" and in which "the light of the sun is replaced by electric bulbs rich in ultra-violet rays."

Such ignorance permeates the book, and is accompanied by an obtuseness inexcusable in a layman and fatal in a scientist. On page 18 Carrel declares that "the people, especially those belonging to the lower classes, are happier from a material standpoint than in former times," but adds, "they are haunted by the fear of losing their employment, their means of subsistence, their savings, their fortune. They are unable to satisfy the need for security that exists in the depth of each of us. In spite of social insurances [sic!] they feel uneasy about their future. Those who are capable of thinking become discontented." But on the very next page, people "easily break down" not because of these economic factors preventing the attainment of security, but because "their nervous system is delicate." There is only one greater banality than this, and Carrel commits it. To the above he adds: "Perhaps the triumphs of modern education are not so advantageous as we are led to believe."

This aspersion of education is part of a systematized indictment of all modern civilization, and includes the subject to which he owes so much—science. He says: "Obviously science follows no plan . . . It is not at all actuated by a desire to improve the state of human beings . . . Men of science do not know where they are going . . . They are guided by chance, by subtle reasoning, by a sort of clairvoyance." Clairvoyance, telepathy, spiritism and what he delights to call "mysticity" are but a few of the irrationalities for which he propagandizes.

His cultivation of the irrational is of the same kind which underlies the so-called philosophies of Italian and German fascism. Carrel, the Royalist, declares that "the error of democratic equality" contributed to "the collapse of civilization by opposing the development of an élite." He believes that Mussolini is a "genius" who has "built a great nation," that the "natural attitude of the individual toward his fellow men is one of strife," and that the "descendants of the energetic strains are smothered in the multitude of proletarians whom industry has blindly created." And on page 302 he categorically declares: "All forms of the proletariat must be suppressed."

His conception of war is similarly obscurantist. "It is chiefly the intellectual and moral deficiencies of the political leaders," he says, "and their ignorance, which endanger modern nations." And it is not the terrible struggle for imperialist profits which may slaughter the world, but "the fragility of the respiratory mucosa may cause entire populations to be exterminated by toxic gases in the great wars of the future."

His competence to speak about man known or unknown may be judged from such dicta as these: "By imposing leisure upon man, scientific civilization has brought him great misfortune." "The causes of economic and financial crises may be moral and intellectual." "Today, most of the members of the proletarian class owe their situation to the hereditary weakness of their organs and their mind." "Every scientific worker has a chance to make use of his particular knowledge." "Telepathy is a primary datum of observation." "Certainty derived from science is very different from that derived from faith. The latter is more profound. It cannot be shaken by arguments. It resembles the certainty given by clairvoyance."

He is, of course, that kind of a eugenicist which thinks the organism is debauched by heredity and not by the environment. He desires an aristocracy of the biologically élite. In the course of recommending the erroneous phases of eugenics, he is obliged to declare: "The chemical, physiological and psychological factors of the environment favor or hinder the development of the inherent tendencies." But two pages later (p. 257) he takes it back: "It is well known that the response of a given organism to environment depends on its hereditary tendencies."

Even in those sections of the book that are purely descriptive of physiological processes there is a literary pretentiousness that supports the impression which the book leaves upon the intuitive reader, to wit, that Carrel's science is of the careerist variety, a substitute for not having been born a son of the House of Orleans, and a substitute that has not, in itself, satisfied.

HENRY HART.

War and Jitters

POWERFUL AMERICA: OUR PLACE IN A RE-ARMING WORLD, by Eugene J. Young. Frederick A. Stokes & Co. $3.

ROLL ON, NEXT WAR! The Common Man's Guide to Army Life, by John Gibbons, with illustrations by Edgar Norfield. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75.

WHY WARS ARE DECLARED, by George Willison. Basic Books, Inc. N. Y. 35 cents.

READING *Powerful America,* you will find on page 251 of this astonishing farrago of flag-waving Americanism this profound truth, arrived at by those methods of "impartial" analysis to be expected of a journalist who for many years, as Telegraph and Cable Editor, has helped The New York Times to find and broadcast in its stately pages, "All the News That's Fit to Print":

"In reality," writes this expert who must frequently have gagged over the dispatches of his professional colleague, Walter Duranty,

> Communism in Russia was interred quietly years ago. In its place has arisen a monopolistic, totalitarian state, as capitalistic in many of its aspects as a great American corporation. The men in charge of this great organization still pay their lip service to the Red creed, but they are working to forge a great nation as imperialistic as the empire of the czars. . . .

When I add that Mr. Young attributes much of Stalin's victory over Trotsky to a "realism" which used against the latter "an old Russian prejudice—anti-semitism" I have sufficiently indicated the political level of the man who, after nearly 400 pages of industrious burrowing in the archives of contemporary history, succeeds in emerging with not a single fresh, original or genuinely creative idea regarding the forces of history in general, or the destiny of America in particular.

And it is through such hands that a large section of the American public receives its daily quota of "news" on international affairs. It is against such books—deft, plausible, externally learned, basically muddled—that one soon learns to apply the powerful corrective of *mistrust on principle.*

Turning to Mr. Gibbons' book you know from the title what to expect. Having patriotically enlisted in the British overseas forces in 1914, he gives it to you with all those undertones of "laugh, clown, laugh" which today are running very thin. What we have is a ferocious, wry, deeply sincere but hopelessly cynical collection of personal impressions of the last war. Sharply etched with a needle of hatred on the glinting steel of Mars' breastplate, these impressions total up to a single not very original conclusion: that war is one bestial, unmitigated hell—and a hell quite subject to repetition at any moment. Therefore, says our embittered author, let us at least have no illusions about it. . . . As reminiscences of actual warfare and trench-life—a horror of filth, agony, barbarism and sub-human existence—the book is good enough; and its many revelations of military corruption and inefficiency (to say nothing of propaganda atrocities in which few of the soldiers believed) will certainly not do the recruiting services any good. Unfortunately, they will not do much harm, either, for John Gibbons' detestation of war is a physical and subjective affair—than which nothing is more easily overcome by the colossal material and political forces which make for all wars. There is not one word in this book of organized mass-action

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In a reassuring article the distinguished German novelist and exile, Lion Feuchtwanger, compares Germany today with the Germany of another exile, Heinrich Heine. Despite the barbarism of the Hitler regime Mr. Feuchtwanger believes German culture will outlast the Nazis.

Louis Adamic has gone on dozens of fact-searching expeditions in areas of oppression abroad and at home but never before to California where he is now investigating politics and labor. A series based on his findings is scheduled for early publication.

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and People's Fronts against War: instead we have such weak "solutions" as "praying for peace"; the "outlawing of war talk"—or simply (and this is the author's own best way out) "not having a next war." However, we read at the very end, "if the Great People simply find it impossible to stop talking, then I would say, 'ROLL ON, NEXT WAR!' —and let us at least get the infernal thing over." . . . On second thought, perhaps this book *would* help the recruiting services. . . .

Some light on how war happens is given in Willison's volume. This very readable little book should have a wide circulation among those people who are all hot and bothered about the recent disclosures of the Nye Munitions Committee regarding the sinister role of Banker Morgan in the last—and next?—war. Mr. Willison has combined politics, ancient and modern history and economic determinism in a brisk narrative which eloquently demonstrates the fatal connection between war and capitalism. A generous infusion of relevant facts illustrating the financial, cultural and social costs of war—especially to the workers—supports the main argument: which, for all its acceptance of the class struggle, falls short of the revolutionary Marxist conclusion. That is to say, although we learn plenty as to why wars are declared we are given little or no information on the much more urgent question, how wars—any *particular* war—may be stopped. On the contrary, Mr. Willison informs us, with something like a sigh, that "there are relatively few who lift even their voices in protest against the brazen attempts being made once again to loose the dogs of war upon us." This sounds like pacifism of the 1914-1918 variety: Mr. Willison will find his strongest support for this attitude among the very demagogues, bankers and fascist reactionaries who, by his own showing, weep crocodile tears over the cannons which they "regretfully" train on the "enemy"—meaning, of course and eventually, the Soviet Union.

HAROLD WARD.

Winning of the West

DESERTS ON THE MARCH, by Paul B. Sears, University of Oklahoma Press. $2.50.

THE colonists who landed at Plymouth Rock were English townspeople, ignorant of agriculture. Only through the aid of the Indians did they survive. Mr. Sears, an ex-lawyer turned botanist, tells the story of the costly conquest of the soil which ruined more than it used.

Home governments eager for colonies and plunder spurred the colonists westward. O this westward march, rugged individualis ruled. Forests of mahogany, walnut ar cherry trees were felled. Often the lar turned out to be unfit for farming and th had to be abandoned. Hillsides were clear and then left barren, after the top soil h

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been washed away in two or three rainy seasons.

As the colonists moved further west, they came to the grasslands and here "fire and overstocked herds of cattle did to the cover of native grass what ax and fire had done to the forests of the east." Until the colonists arrived, the desert had been shrinking. The grass encircling it had been building a mantle of sponge-like humus. But the coming of planless and rugged individualism stripped away the grass cover that had been pushing back the desert. Humus so painfully built up was carried away by wind and rain. The desert began to expand. Gullies formed at the margins of hills and erosion spread rapidly.

This now barren and exposed land, stripped of its protective cover, openly invited the prevailing Westerlies to blow dust storms across the country. Five years of drouth have helped the process; even good farm land in many states has been left uncovered and dry. Three hundred million tons of fertile top soil were blown away; houses and farms were covered by the sand-like dust. When rain finally falls, it does not soak into the land. The ground is baked; the resulting floods further erode the soil.

To Mr. Sears' story a few points might be added. The government itself admits that more than a billion acres of land have been hit by erosion. At its present pace, the government would require 556 years to cover this billion acres—that is, if erosion abandoned its practice of increasing rapidly and waited for the politicians to carry out their campaign promises. And, ironically enough, Indians are now forced to work on soil conservation projects and are paid half of the regular W.P.A. rates; they are told that the other half of their pay is a "voluntary contribution." CHARLES WASHBURNE.

Sentimental Journey

WHERE LIFE IS BETTER. An Unsentimental American Journey, by James Rorty. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

TEN YEARS ago Rorty wrote a booklet on sunkist California which he entitled, "Where Life Is Better." He has learned better since the complacent twenties. California has gone fascist and Rorty has gone "left." When he revisited El Centro, in the Imperial Valley, last year, Rorty was run into the county jail by the "Mack Sennett cops and stools" of the Western Growers Protective Association, who were distressed to find a copy of Corey's *Decline of American Capitalism* in his car.

In a seven months' auto trip, covering 15,000 miles, Rorty found that the terror in California was by no means uncharacteristic of the country at large. On the coal and steel front he found no truce; in Detroit: speed-up and stretch-out on an unprecedented scale; in Chicago: the Century of Progress Fair united with Insull, Capone and The Chicago Tribune "in a great international symphony of beauty and grace." The New Deal, he reports, is a thunderous flop; the sinister portents of fascism are inescapable.

Rorty filled dozens of notebooks and chatted with scores of hitchhikers, but his panoramic movie of America remains somewhat blurred. His perspective is confused; it shifts indiscriminately from the social to the personal. The shadow of Rorty keeps blotting out the screen of America. He will pick up a hitchhiker for the sake of getting the "feel" of America, but he will chuck him right out of the car, as he tossed out a young salesman whom he calls Yowzir, because he is oppressed by the militant ignorance of his companion. His extended lapses into rather bad lyric poetry and prose fantasy about the Chicago Fair and Scheherazade Sweeney are symptomatic of an incapacity to discipline the confused emotions of personal distress in the face of an objective social situation which demands patient analysis and reporting. The instability of his private emotional tensions, with which one may sympathize on a personal plane, refutes his plea that as a writer he cannot join any party of the Left, since it is his unique function to see the naked truth unflinchingly.

The book, in short, more effectively communicates the "feel" of Rorty than the "feel" of America. There is considerable justice, therefore, in Nathan Asch's picturesque indictment of the book: "Mr. Rorty rode over the hill and down the dale; he was Harun-al-Raschid one moment, reporter the next, then a sweet and innocent and heartbroken child; and then a wild revolutionary looking so far Left of himself he saw everything cockeyed; he was an Isaiah prophesying war; he was ingenuous, sophisticated, world-weary, naive and he probably had a very good time traveling; but he wasn't smart or slow or humble enough to get to see America." Rorty's "unsentimental journey" turned out to be, as he feared it might, an unusually sentimental one. WALTER RALSTON.

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The Theater

"Bitter Stream"

I SAT with the head of the Italian War Veterans in Littoria, one of the swamp areas which the Mussolini regime reclaimed in its desperate efforts to get enough land to grow wheat for its hungry millions. It was a modern little village and we had just finished wandering around and talking with the farmers. Most of the farmers in this—and other areas which had been reclaimed—had been industrial workers whose restlessness had become so pronounced that the regime settled them on the land in an effort to pacify them.

It was lunch time and we were examining the menu card in the town's lone restaurant. A waiter hovered over us, very polite because he saw the insignia on the fascist uniform of my host. My translator suggested that he had better order since I couldn't read Italian.

"May I suggest fish?" the waiter said in English. "It is very good."

"I never expected to find anyone who speaks English here," I laughed while my translator beamed on the waiter.

While the translator and the Fascist leader were discussing what to order, I asked the waiter: "How's things here?"

He shrugged his shoulders and screwed up his face as if to say things could be much better.

"Eating enough?" I persisted.

The waiter shook his head and leaning close to my ear, whispered: "It is better not to talk."

Neither of us thought that my translator was paying any attention to this conversation but the moment the waiter whispered, then the translator said harshly:

"Why can't you talk? Who's stopping you? You go right ahead and talk."

"No, no, no," the waiter said, terrified. "I have nothing to say. Please—I have nothing to say."

"Well, then, don't say it's better not to talk—"

The waiter left to get the order. My translator said something to the Fascist leader who smiled genially and excused himself for a moment. He said he wanted to get some cigarettes. The food was brought to us by another waiter. I don't know what happened to the first waiter. I was told, when I inquired, that he was working in the kitchen and the new waiter was substituting for him.

The fear of this waiter was the fear I found among the peasants, not only in Littoria, but wherever I went, especially the fear that if they complained a little loudly, particularly to a foreigner, they would hear from the Special Tribunal. What has happened to the peasants, driven frantically desperate by the ever-present fear of opening their mouths, is told dramatically in the Theater Union's production of *Bitter Stream* (Civic Repertory Theater). It is Victor Wolfson's dramatization of what happened to the peasants in Fontamara whose lands were taken from them by the regime and absorbed by big landowners. The story of Fontamara is the story of the small landowners all over Italy; it is the story of small landowners in all fascist countries.

It is difficult for an American audience to grasp the full import of *Bitter Stream*. To us in the United States it seems incredible that small farmers would be dispossessed by the government and the land turned over to a big landowner, with the stream upon which they depend for their sustenance, diverted to water the land of the big estate; yet this is precisely what happened in Fontamara historically in 1920 and is still happening in Italy in areas where the peasants have not yet been dispossessed. Their reaction to these events has been told significantly in the peasant revolts, news of which occasionally seeps out from under Mussolini's iron censorship.

There are weaknesses in the play — the opening scene and the end which has too much of the soap box method, but I sat through the entire play reliving the talks I had with peasants just like those portrayed in *Bitter Stream*. And when a play can do that to one who is a little familiar with the scene depicted, it is an authentic play and well done. It could transport me to Fontamara. *Bitter Stream* rings true. I was particularly impressed with the performance of Manart Kippen as the Inspector who questioned the farmers and propagandist. I had seen men exactly like him talk exactly like him, even walk exactly like him, when I was in the headquarters of the Special Tribunal in Rome, and when you can recognize people whom you saw in real life when they appear recreated on the stage—that, to me, is the highest type of acting.

Bitter Stream tells the story of what happens to people who distribute or read the propaganda distributed by the Communist underground movement in Italy—and judging by the records of the filled prisons and the many dead, the Theater Union's is an accurate portrayal. I did not contact the underground movement in Italy so I cannot say how extensive it is or what it is accomplishing. I do know that in the industrial areas, while I was in Milan, for instance, four men were arrested in the Fiat automobile works for distributing Communist propaganda; apparently the underground is working and not confining itself to the industrial areas alone.

Bitter Stream is tragedy, a tragedy which at some points assumes heroic proportions—the tragedy of millions of people in the grip of a ruthless machine slowly grinding them down to the point of feudal servitude for the benefit of a handful of big landowners. It is the tragedy of what is happening to a great people. But what happened in Fontamara is only the first act of a greater tragedy played upon a greater stage which will one day leave its effect upon the whole world.

As drama, as an honest portrayal of conditions today in Italy, I would certainly urge everyone to see it. As an insight into the great tragedy being enacted across the water and which will leave its effects upon our country in our own time, it is indispensable.

JOHN L. SPIVAK.

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Music

THE New York Musicians Union, Local 802, has become one of the most militant labor organizations in the country since it attained local autonomy last year. Under the leadership of Jack Rosenberg and William Feinberg it has vigorously sought to protect the rights of its members by compelling managers to pay union scale, picketing non-union establishments, maintaining union standards in relief projects, and furnishing adequate relief for its unemployed members. Its present financial statement, compared with that of the previous regime, shows an almost miraculous improvement in administration.

The Local's latest fight is for the unionization of the copyists, arrangers, proofreaders and pianists employed by the music publishers. For years these workers have been exploited by the industry because they were unorganized, and with a few minor exceptions they are facing a united front among the highly organized publishers of the city, who are determined to make no concessions to union demands. The Union, however, has seen to it that band leaders boycott the tunes of certain leading publishers until the demands are met.

The pressure has become enough so that at the time of writing no less than fourteen publishers have been forced to capitulate. In the next few days many more are expected to come through.

THERE is probably no form of native music that has suffered so much in the concert hall as the Negro spiritual. Devitalized by arrangements with tinkling piano accompaniments, the music has been sentimentalized for the benefit of overstuffed concert audiences with a patronizing interest in the plight of the Negro. Paul Robeson, Roland Hayes and the various choirs of the Southern Uncle Tom colleges are all guilty of robbing them of some of their earthy, forceful quality.

Although Marian Anderson uses the same adaptations as do her contemporaries, this great contralto sings them with such intensity that they become profound emotional experiences, still lacking the requisite rhythmic fire. In the concert auditorium Miss Anderson's personality is so forceful that one's prejudices are almost completely dispelled, but on the phonograph she is unable to dispel the impression that the songs are but castrated replicas of the originals.

Victor has just released Miss Anderson's first American recordings, *City Called Heaven, Lord I Can't Stay Away* and *Heaven, Heaven* (8958—$2). They suffer severely from the complete lack of any rhythmic feeling in the accompaniments of the Finnish Kosti Vehanen. The contralto sings beautifully, but the whole thing is far too polite for comfort. Inasmuch as Miss Anderson is an incomparable interpreter of music so varying in style as Handel, Schubert and Sibelius, it seems unfortunate that the Victor executives could not find something other than spirituals to inaugurate her American recording career.

HENRY JOHNSON.

Some New Records

SCHUBERT: Quintet in C Major. Superbly played by the Pro Arte Quartet assisted by the excellent Anthony Pini on second 'cello. Balance and ensemble throughout is impeccable. (Victor Set 299)

BACH: Brandenburg Concertos 1—4. Adolph Busch and an excellent chamber orchestra give us by far the most satisfactory versions of the Brandenburg Concertos on records. George Eskdale's trumpet playing in the Second Concerto is a miracle of attack and technique. (Columbia Set 249)

WAGNER: Die Walkure—Complete Act I. Wagnerians can find little to criticize in this impressive recording by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic, with such soloists as Lotte Lehmann, Melchior and List.

STRAVINSKY: The Firebird. Magnificent new recordings by Stokowski and the Philadelphia orchestra. The conductor's theatricalism does no harm here. (Victor Set 291)

BEETHOVEN: Quartet in F. Minor, Opus 95. Domestically recorded by the Roth Quartet, this set is in every way the opposite of the Schubert. The

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playing lacks integration, the tone has none of the lustre the Roths exhibit in concert, the recording is too loud and the instruments badly balanced. Even the old version by the Lener Quartet is preferable to this new one. (Columbia Set 251)

PROKOFIEFF: Violin Concerto. This becomes important music when played by Joseph Szigeti. Beecham and the London Philharmonic lack the violinist's assurance and vitality, but the work is nevertheless highly recommended. (Columbia Set 244)

Negro Blues

PINEWOOD TOM (Joshua White): *Silicosis Is Killin' Me* and *No More Ball and Chain.* The first side is magnificently sung by this young Negro blues singer from North Carolina, and the other side is the blues composed about the burning of the twenty convicts at Scottsboro. (Melotone-Banner-Perfect-Oriole 60551)

CASEY BILL WELDEN: W.P.A. Blues. The words are pretty swell, and the accompaniment and singing more than adequate. (Vocalion 03186)

H. J.

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HOTEL DELANO, 108 W. 43rd St.
Monday, April 13, 1936—8:20 P. M.
Auspices: LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS

RECEPTION and PARTY
in honor of
The Guggenheim Fellowship Winners

Josephine Herbst	Albert Bein
Granville Hicks	Kenneth Patchen
Isidor Schneider	Harry Sternberg
Kenneth Fearing	Peter Blume

Joseph Freeman: Chairman
Sunday, April 12, 8:30 P.M.
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Between Ourselves

FROM latest reports, it appears that our 48-page issue of last week, "Challenge to the Middle Class," is setting a new "high" in reader interest. A number of organizations have sent orders for bundles and a few study groups have done the same. But one of the most gratifying purchases occurred on April 3 when a new reader visited our circulation department and presented a list of forty people for whom he proceeded to order one copy each. The next day he returned and ordered another five copies.

Robert Forysthe has written an article entitled "Mencken, Nathan and Boyd" and subtitled "Wynken, Blinken and Nod." It will be a feature of next week's issue.

The lithograph by Jack Markow (page 19) will be shown in the first exhibition of Prints, Drawings and Cartoons "Against War and Fascism," sponsored by the American Artists Congress. Date: April 15 to May 6. Place: New School for Social Research, N. Y.

Joseph Freeman will be the speaker and Michael Gold the chairman at the April 13 lecture of the League of American Writers. The subject is announced as "The Emergence of a Proletarian Culture." (Hotel Delano, 108 West 43 St., N. Y. Time: 8:20 p.m., Admission 35c).

The American League Against War and Fascism has sent out a call for plays. Although at present the chief demand is for anti-war and anti-fascist plays, the League is interested in all plays "dealing constructively with the American scene and American problems." Five-minute plays on current situations, recitations, monologues, songs, skits are particularly needed.

Among the faculty members of the Downtown Music School are a number of NEW MASSES contributors: Aaron Copland, Elie Siegmeister, Marc Blitzstein and Wallingford Riegger. The school is "organized to satisfy the needs of the workers wanting the highest type of musical instruction at nominal rates." Registration for the spring term is now going on at 799 Broadway.

Seymour Waldman's "Death and Profits" in this issue concludes his series of three articles on American war preparations.

A number of artists whose work has appeared in THE NEW MASSES are represented at the La Salle Galleries in an exhibition of paintings by teachers and members of the Advisory Board of the American Artists' School: Joe Jones, Max Weber, Walter Quirt, Luis Arenal, Ishigaki, A. Refregier, Eugene Morley and Nicolai Cikovsky.

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—RULES—

1. Anyone (except employes of The New Masses or their families) is eligible to enter the title contest.

2. The contest opened January 23. Titles must be received at the New Masses Contest Dept., Box 76, Madison Square Station, New York, N. Y., on or before April 15, 1936. Awards will be made as soon after the end of the contest as the titles can be considered by the judges.

3. You need not use the attached coupon, although it is most convenient, but in order to be eligible in the Title Contest, your subscription for 10 weeks for The New Masses with $1, the subscription price, must accompany the titles you submit.

4. In case of a tie of two or more, then the judges will ask for a competitive twenty-five word descriptive essay on the three cartoons. Their decision on the essays will be final.

5. The title winners, by acceptance of the prizes, unconditionally transfer to The New Masses all rights to the winning titles.

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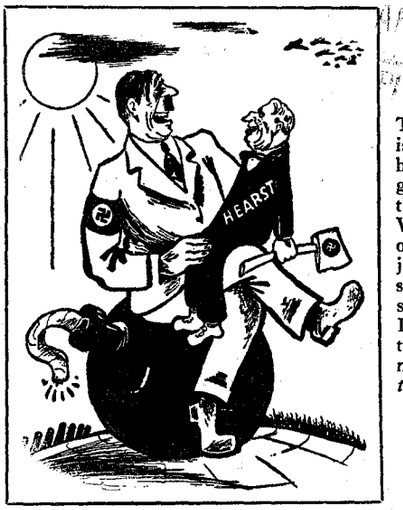

Cartoon Number One

The figure on the left is Mr. Hitler. The one on his knee, perhaps receiving good advice, or a pat on the shoulder, or both, is Willie the Chief Muckraker of his time, a particular object of loathing and aversion to all college professors, teachers and liberals. It is obvious that both of them are going places—any minute. *What is YOUR title for this picture?*

Cartoon Number Two

The cops have just finished "breaking up" the demonstration — including a few heads. And here, by Holy Tammany, they are again, back on another street with their ranks formed all over. Can you tie that? It's enough to make a good bull ask for a desk job or another precinct where there ain't no red agitators and the people are willing to starve quietly. *What's YOUR title?*

Cartoon Number Three

Look what old man WAR picked up— an olive branch. Must have been dropped by the Dove of Peace—in a hurry —when he heard Hitler's broadcast the other night. Anyway, old man WAR doesn't seem to be worrying much.... *Got your title for this one, yet?*

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